LONDO READE

of Literature, Science, Art, and General Information.

THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.

[REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION APROAD."

No. 43L-VOL. XVII.1

FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUGUST 5, 1871.

PRICE ONE PENNY.



[THE YOUNG COMPORTER.]

THROUGH DARKNESS TO DAWN.

CHAPTER III.

Now Heav'n be praised! that to believing sonls Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair.

Poor Mrs. Glaston had hundreds of friends and admirer, as the world goes, but not one relative on earth who could be of real service to her at a time like this, except one still younger, still less experienced in life than heavelf a state fluiding her last years! earth who could be of real synthesis, except one still younger, still less experienced in life than herself, a sister, finishing her last year at a distant boarding-school. This was the Katrine for whom she called, and for whom Spiderby consented to telegraph on the evening of the finding of the key. It was a terrible task imposed upon him—that of telling the young wife about this key; the blood almost stopped circulating in his veins when he found himself again in that gay sitting-room, confronting

himself again in that gay sitting-room, confronting those wild blue eyes, with the black circles around them, and the pinched nostrils, and the poor, voiceless,

quivering lips beneath.

The little hands clutching at his coat-sleeve in The little hands clutching at his coat-alevee in speechless agony asked the question which the lips could not frame. What help came to enable him to bear the trial of that hour, who could say? But he had to tell her all; and that a dozen men were now dragging the river for the body of her darling. Oh, if he cared, even as a friend, for this delicate woman, how it must have grieved him to see the sun go out, for her, in the year worning of her youth and joy!

for her, in the very morning of her youth and joy!

"Alice, for Heaven's sake, Alice, do not despair!
Cling to me. I will do all that I can to help you to

But she only trembled and shrank from him, moaning "Harry" and "Katrine." Finally he gave her over to the physician, who had kindly brought his wife with him, and went out into the open air, pale as a ghost and weak as a child from his useless conflict with the wife's frightful sorrow.
"I knew it would be painful, but I did not dream it would have been such a scene," he muttered as he

staggered slowly on for some distance, until, shaking off the clogging spell, he walked more briskly to the office, whence, as he had promised Mrs. Glaston, he sent a message to her sister, Miss Katrine Bromley, to come on without delay.

he sent a message to her sister, Miss Mattine Diol.

ley, to come on without delay.

All that night, and a great part of the next day, a
party of men worked faithfully dragging the river in
the rear of the bank building, and for some distance
below it; until, finding nothing, they gave up the
attempt—some thinking, notwithstanding the finding
of the key, that Glaston had never thrown himself
into the river—others that the swift and deep current
had carried the body to even a greater distance than
their search had extended.

A thousand things were said and conjectured, as
there always will be in such cases—among others,
that he might have dropped the key while climbing
into a boat, to escape his creditors and betake himself
to parts unknown.

that he might have dropped the key while climbing into a boat, to escape his creditors and betake himself to parts unknown.

His partner indignantly repudiated such a suspicion, asserting that there was no real necessity for Glaston being so worried as he had been about his affairs; he had been rather extravagant, and all that, but the firm stood strong as ever. He was always rash and impetuous; he had become alarmed at finding how much money he had spent during the last year; had been depressed—in fact, had threatened suicide; but he, Spiderby, had regarded it as the idle words of a passing despondent mood. It was the senior partner's opinion that Glaston must have maddled with stocks or gold, as he could not have wasted half what he had lost merely in rich living and costly presents to his beautiful wife.

By this time the whole town was deeply excited. The Glastons were universal favouritos, and regarded as being at the height of happiness and prospority. The shock of the change was extreme. Until the minds of his acquaintances had time to adjust themselves to the new aspect of things it was simply incredible that Harry Glaston had committed suicide.

An elder brother and sister and an uncle had come promy the city, and surrounded the wife with their

An elder brother and sister and an uncle had come on from the city, and surrounded the wife with their

sympathy, but she was like a stone, insensible to their

sympathy, out such that the discovery had been made. During the day another discovery had been made. Breaking open Glaston's private desk, the officers had found a card lying conspicuously on top of all other documents, on which was written in pendi-mark:

"Do not blame me, darling Alice. Better death the discrete."

than disgrace."
It was his writing, though tremulous and irregular, as if done hastily under nervous excitement. Clearly it was some one's duty to give this to Mrs. Glaston; but Spiderby had endured enough of such trials; he shrank from the task, which was finally undertaken

shrank from the task, which was finally undertaken by Mrs. Hart, Harry's married sister.

By one of those chances not uncommon in this marvellous game of life, Treddle was in the same train which brought Katriue Bromley to Burnley, in the same carriage and the same compartment. All the way they rode together, but more than half the way had been passed when the very young and very pretty girl by his side happened to observe, on the small leather bag which he had with him, "T. Treddle, Burnley," and turned quickly, yet timidly, upon her companion.

"Are you from Burnley?"

"Born and brought up there," he answered, the

"Born and brought up there," he answered, the ever-ready smile springing to his pleasant face, al-beit he had been lost in a gloomy reverie ever since

beit he had been lost in a gloomy reverie ever since leaving the city.

He had been thinking of something else beside the scarlet plume and bright cheek and black curls and soft gray dress so close to him.

"Are you going there?" he asked, presently, seeing that she looked troubled.

"Yes, for the first time, and I am afraid on a very sad errand. I had a telegram from my sister, Mrs. Glaston, last night, bidding me come to her immediately. Something must have happened. I can only guess what. You know them?" she exclaimed, remarking the start given by the other at the mention of her sister's name.

"I am cashier in the bank of Spiderby and Glaston."



"Have you been in Burnley recently? Can you tell me why Mrs. Glaston sent for me!

The clasped hands, the dark eyes looking into his so earnestly, made Treddle wish that he had not been singled out by fate to give the harrewing informa-tion which the stranger craved. With an emotion which proved how sincere was his sympathy, he told her the state of affairs and what reason they had to fear the worst.

fear the worst.
"Oh, poor Alice! Oh, poor Alice!" grieved the
girl. "She cannot endure it! She never was anything but a little, delicate bundle of love and fondness. She had always to lean on some one. She ness. worshipped her husband. If you could see some of her letters to me, Mr. Treddle! I have laughed over her letters to me, Mr. Treddle! I have laughed over them, and ridiculed them—to think of it now! If it were me, it would not be so cruel; but my dear Alice was never made to bear trouble."

was never made to bear trouble."

The brown eyes of the cashier looked curiously down in the face of the speaker—a bright, resolute face, with an air of health and will, which made it appear not so absurd for this chit of seventeen to be speaking so protectingly of an elder and married

You know Mrs. Glaston?" she said, presently, her

dark

k eyes full of tears. I have the honour.

"An know Ars. Glasson." Sacsaid, presently, for dark eyes full of teats.

"I have the honour. The sweetest, the daintiest, the best, purest-hearted little lady that ever lived on this wicked earth!" added Treddle, energetically, "She is, indeed, all that," answered his companion, smiling on him gratefully. "Oh. I sannot hear to think of her having such sorrow."

She pulled down her weil and cried softly behind it until the train stopped in Burnley.

As Treddle assisted the young lady out upon the platform, carrying her shawl and bag for her, her eyes encountered a bright, black pair that seemed to stab her through and through. stab her through and through.
"Who is that?" she whispered.

Before Treddle could answer the gentleman stepped

up.

"Is this Miss Bromley?" he asked, with grave courtesy. "Good evening, Treddle."

"Miss Bromley, this is Mr. Spiderby."

She bowed slightly, unable to speak, and he put her hand through his arm and led her to a carriage.

"Fil see you, Thomas, within an hour," said his employer, taking a seat beside the lady.

The cashier's handsome face smiled good-night upon her as the carriage door closed between tham and she found herself driven rapidly along the suncet lighted streets.

"I I am glad you saw Mr. Treddle—our esshier. I suppose he told you."
"Yes; he told me."

"There has not been much news since he left. Only "There has not been much news since he left. Only a card has been found in your brother-in-law's desk, saying, 'Do not blame me, dearest—or darling—Alice, Better death than disgrace.' I should think that decides the matter of suicide—shouldn't you?"
"Why disgrace?" answered his listener, abruptly.
"There's the rub," he said, with a short cough.
How different he was to that tender-hearted Treddist. She felt the change of atmosphere and deser-

die! She felt the change of atmosphere and drew within her shawl, speaking not another word until the carriage stopped. Waiting hands opened the door, kind faces sur-

waiting mands opened the door, and taces sur-rounded her as she entered the hall.

"Where's Alice?" she asked, without ceremony, taking off her hat and shawl and placing them on the table.

"She is in her room; but you will have some tea before you go up? You must be fatigued with your journey," said Mrs. Hart.

"Please show me my sister's room. I will have some suppor by-and-bye." Her foot was on the stair; there was nothing to do but conduct her immediately to Mrs. Glaston. Spiderby hurried away to learn of the success of the cashier in his city operations, while Mrs. Hart went up with

the new-comer.

"Perhaps you had better see Mrs. Glaston alone.
None of us has succeeded in our attempts to rouse her from a sort of despair."

"Yes; it would be best for me to go in by myself." Katrine stepped into the chamber of mourning, Katrine slepped into the chamber of mourning, closing the door behind her. It was a large, light room, roey at this moment with the flush of sunset. Everything in it was bright and luxurions. A slender figure stood by one of the windows, and did not move at the sound of the opening door. Katrine stood still, looking at the figure by the window, whose back was towards her, and whose two hands clutched at the middle of the sash at theilty that the finger. at the middle of the sash so tightly that the finger-

The flossy, glittering hair strewed down her shoulders—hair which Katrine had kissed a thousand times. Going softly forward, the intruder looked and times. over her sister's shoulder and saw that those fixed, wide-open eyes were watching the distant river,

plainly visible from this upper room, as it swept the outskirts of the town, white sails and all manner of

river craft gliding up and down and across.

The marble face of the gazer, turned rigidly in that The marrie race of the gazer, turned rigidly in the direction, seemed, to ask; with mute and awful earnestness: "Is he there? Is my Harry—so alive and warm and loving and bright when I saw him last—lying there, under those waters, cold and dead?"

"Alice," said Katrine, as quietly as if this had not

been their first meeting since the wedding-day, stealing her arm around her sister's waist, "do not look at

the water so much. Harry is not there—his body may be, but his soul is not. Look up." She raised her own dark eyes as she spoke, and the mourner's glance followed hera, almost as if she expected to see her-husband's face smiling on her m those ethereal heights. Presently a gre der over-ran her frame, and she spoke out, sharply:

This world was good enough for us-for a long time yet. We were so young and so happy. Why did he leave it? Why did he leave me, Katrine? It was not like Harry to do that."

"I don't knew, dear Alico; there is something so strange about it all."

"I wonder at him. Why, you must know Harry would not let the wind touch me, he was so careful of me. And new, to go off—so far off—into another world, and leave me here alone—in the dark—groping—lest!" she said, moving her hands about like a bland of the said, moving her hands about like a bland. blind person, and speaking in a wandering tone, with a manner inexpressibly pathetic. Katrine saw that at that moment she was literally

Katrine saw that at that moment she was literally blinded by the great darkness of her woo; that her senses were failing her, and she was in danger of fail-ing to the floor. So she put her strong young arms about her and almost carried her sister to a lounge, on which she placed her, sitting down at the head and taking the white face to her bosom, and whis-pering in her ear:

pering in her ear:

"Don't say that you are alone, Alice. You have
Katrine still. And I promise you I will never, never
leave you, nor allow any trouble to come near you
that I can keep away. I will fight for you like a
tiger, if necessary," she added, so flerally that it
would have been laughable had it not been seesad.

Why the young girl should have made this warlike
dealeration who could not have explained to herself.

Why the young girl should have made this warlike dealaration, she could not have explained to herself, except that ever since she stepped out of the train, and mot Spiderby's black eyes, she had been conscious of some antagonistic influence.

Alice nestled her poor, worn face closer to this stant heart. She heard the bold assurance, which seemed to hold her back from an utter blankness that

a creeping over her faculties.

*You were always stronger than I," she mur-

"I'm a hundred times braver than I used to b and I love you more, too, dear Alice," smoothing with velvet touch the disordered curls. "They tell me you have not eaten or slept for two days. Will you drink some tea if I make it for you?"
"Don't leave me!" cried the other, wildly, cling-

"Don't leave me!" cried the other, wildly, clinging to her; but the quiet, sympathetic touch had already unlocked the rigid muscles, and presently Mrs. Glaston began to cry and sob, for the first time. Katrino's warm tears fell down, and mingled with her own; until, sitting there quietly holding the poor bereaved one, as the twilight despened in the room, the sister found that Alice had dropped asleep on her breast. She thanked Heaven for that hope sitting breast. She thanked Heaven for that boon, sitting there patiently, without stirring, though she herself was wearied out with the hasty preparation and the day's long ride, beginning at four in the morning.

After a time friends came softly in, whispering to her to lay the heavy burden down on the lounge, for

she was growing very pale from fatigue; but she was afraid that the change might awaken her poor dar-ling, and silently refused, though her arms ached severely and she was faint from hunger.

For more than two hours the bereaved one slum bered on that faithful bosom. When she awakened it was to a fresh burst of lamentation; but the first, most dangerous effects of the shock, had been alept off, and it was not impossible for Katrine to comp her to taste food.

"If you do not eat, I will not," she said. "Come, Aileen, let us have tea together here. I have had nothing since my hurried breakfast."

A light meal was quickly served to them where they sat; in this way Mrs. Glaston was induced to

rtake of a piece of toast and a cup of hot tea. After that she gave in to Katrine and was gently ather that she gave in to having and was genty submissive to her, who undressed her and put her to bed as she would an infant, lying down by her side, keeping hold of her hand, coaxing the overburdened, labouring heart to betray its sorrow, and thus find a momentary relief, until about midnight the two sisters

alept in each other's arms.

"How found they are of each other," said Mrs.
Hart, wiping a tear from her chesk as she left them together, in their sleep, "and how much strength of

character that child has. She has had more influence over Alice than all of us. I'm sincerely glad she

The next morning a message came to the cham-

The next morning a message came to the chamber that Mr. Spiderby would like, if convenient, to see Mrs. Glaston. There was no news of Mr. Glaston, but he would like to consult her on business.

"On, how can I?" moaned Alice.

"You shall not, dear. Don't fret; I will see him." Katrine was not blind to the fact that she knew no more about business than a butterfly; but neither did Alice for that matter, and she should not be worried by extraneous affairs. So down went the school-girl of seventeen to meet the banker as gravely as if she had been head-clerk. had been head-clerk.

"Oh, it is you, Miss Bromley," he said with an air of chagrin, as she entered the parlour, which, how-ever, he changed as quickly as possible to one more flattering. "I was in the hope of being permitted to

see Mrs. Glaston this morning."

"She is really not fit for the effort, or she would have seen you, Mr. Spiderby. Whatever you have to say to her I will most faithfully convey. I am afraid I shall have to represent my sister for some

"With the world at large, of course, Miss Bromley, but I stand in so close a relation to this family that I expected to be as a member of it. As Mr. Glaston's partner, and as his friend, I am entitled to to ""
he stammered, embarrassed by the steady but respectfall regard of the dark eyes fixed on his swam—"falk with Mrs. Glaston herself, whenever I come to this house. If she is really ill, I will not attempt to see her. Ido hope not to hear you say that she is worse."
"She is better; that in she has rested, and has taken food. The doctor's fears for her reason have

d away. My coming did her a great deal of

passes away. My coming did not a great deal of good."

"I'we no doubt of it: I was glad enough to find you at the station hat evening. We all hoped that your arrival would produce a savenumble effect."

He said this with sincerity, for he had shared the alsem of others at Mrs. Giaston's state, yet, already, in this brief interview, he began to feel, a jealousy of this young girl who had a power which he had not, and who was, mercover, so direct, quick-sighted, and willful, that he was half-afraid of her. This feeling was destined to grow on him the more they know of sack-other.

All that the beniers would make salk Mrs. Glaston if she had any subjections to the firm effering a liberal reward for, say, important information concerning theory Glaston, or, for the recovery of his body if dead.

Why startle her with such a question? your judgment, it is a proper step, pray take it, Mr. Spiderby. She is at present unfit to decide any question. I would not like to speak about it to my sister to-day. If Mr. and Mrs. Hart say yes, that will be enough."

He knew that it would be-that the errand was only an excuse to see one towards whom he was constantly drawn by a restless and feverish desire to feast his eyes on her misery, the sight of which made him wretched, yet had for him a tormenting fascination. "I hope that girl will return to her French and

"I hope that girl will return to her French and music when the excitement is over," he thought as he left the house. "She is too sharp for me." "How is Mrs. Glaston, may I ask?" inquired the cashier as his employer entered the bank.

"Better, they say,"

"And Miss Bromley, after her journey?" blushing
a little. "We rode together from London, as I was telling you, sir.

"She looked bright enough—if not a trifle too bright," answered the banker, rather tarily. "You may draw up that 'Reward,' and send it out to the newspapers."

CHAPTER IV.

By the pricking of my thumbs, Something wicked this way comes. Machell. On the evening of the third day Peter, the porter, went away, leaving his employer still at the bank. It had been a hard day for the firm and all concerned. There had been, as Spiderby anticipated, a run on the bank. The public could not see why Glaston should have committed suicide, unless his affairs were should have committed suicide, unless his aftara were in a hopeless condition, for his partner had, not said one word about his being a defaulter, carefully pro-tecting his reputation as he had promised Mrs. Gla-ton to do. Each man who had funds in that institu-tion was eager to obtain them back again, if possible;

so all came, friends and strangers, hurrying and pressing to present their claims.

The very sight of the crowd seemed to rally Spi-derby from his low spirits. He enjoyed the false alarm which had set these people running to him. Treddle stood at his place, placid and pleasant, well aware that he had the cash under the counter to satisfy every demand. However much or little poor

371.

ilasim." Wor-

as if

iowed to

fonla

nlev. nat I pect-

0 800

al of

that

d the

eady, sy of

they

aston rning dy if

If, in

ill be

l was feast h and ht as ed the

I was

le too

to the

balh. porter,

erned.

laston

t said y pronstitu-ssible;

g and

t, well ster to le poor

Glaston had wasted of his own or partner's capital, Spiderby had fortified himself, and was firm as a rock. Gission and wasted of his own or partners capital, Spiderby had fortified himself, and was firm as rock. A good many who came-to draw out their deposits went away without doing so, satisfied from the amused, half-sareastic smile on the banker's face, and from the cashier's cheerful alsority, that they would be safe to remain where they were. His personal friends, who spoke with Spiderby, were assured that, although Glaston had lost heavily through private speculations of his own, he, Spiderby, could carry the bank on his shoulders and laugh at the load. That this was no empty boast the events of the day proved, for, as business cessed at three o'clock, Treddle, paying the last claimant the five thousand pounds which he so suddedly needed, asserted to him triumphantly that he had still fifty thousand pounds with.

"Then I won't withdraw mine," said the customer, colouring and laughing. "But no one wants to lose, you see."

you see."
"Certainly not. I don't blame you sir, or any of the depositors. Belf-preservation is the first law of nature. You may take my word for it, as a disinterested party, that this institution has move been more solvent than at this hor. Mr. Spiderby, articipating what must come, replaced the wasted capital of his partner from private funds of his own. I brought fifty thousand pounds from the city resterday to strengthen the concern—Mr. Spiderby's own money, sir—not even borrowed—that is, not much of it. Sold out in certain directions at a lucky moment. Sold out in certain directions at a lucky moment, realised almost enough to cover the bank's

"Prudent man, that Spiderby," remarked the out-

"Yes, he's sharp—but strictly honourable," assented

"Yes, he same; p.
Tredelle.
"Liked t'other one best, though. Great loss to our town. I can's understand why be should have been so rash. To leave such a wife too."
"Nobody understands it," said Treddle, turning to

"Nobody understands it," said Treddle, turning to his work.

Many times during that day Spiderby, with a shake of the head, had insinuated that Glaston's course could only be accounted for on the supposition that something had gone wrong with his brain. It was true that he had lost, in some way mixnown to his partner—but probably through speculations in gold or stocks—nearly all his fortune; but no young man ought to give up for that, especially one who had so much to live for as his friend Glaston.

He, Spiderby, had observed a marked change in his partner during the past few weeks, and had sometimes thought his head was affected—had they observed the same thing? No? Well, it was only occasionally that he had betrayed these aberrations. For his part he truly believed that incipient brain fever, which might have been checked if it had been understood in time, brought en or aggravated by his losses, was sole cause of the tragedy. Thus, in answering a great many questions and paying out a great deal of money, the day draged by, bringing the welcome hour of closing. But long after that, cashier and book-keeper remained knitting up the ravelled ends of the day's work, making all smooth for the morrow. It was after seven o'clock when the two took their departure, yet oven then Spiderby remained busy in his private room, dergetful of the important fact that he had had no dinner.

Carelessly hauchty and smiling as had been his

he had had no dinner.

Carelessly haughty and smiling as had been his demeanour while surrounded by eager persons, grasping their own, the crisis had told on him severely after all. The mental excitement of the past thre days, added to the fatigue of the last one, now be trayed itself in his haggard countenance as Treddle appeared at the door for a moment to congratulate him on the success of the bank, and to ask him if there was anything more he could do before he went home for the night.

"You may so round to the Glastons if you will.

home for the night.

"You may go round to the Glastons, if you will,
on your way home, give my regards to the friends
there, and excuse my not calling this evening. They
will think it atrange. But I don't see how I can get
away from here before nine o'clock, as I have still a
good many papers to look over. Mr. Hart was here
a short time since, and knows there is no news. It is
only as a matter of courtesy that I desire you to call."

"Which I will do with the greatest pleasure," said
Treddle. hattily.

"Which I will do with the greatest product."

Traddle, hastily.

"No doubt of that, young simpleten," muttered his employer to thuself as the cashier went briskly away.

"The hope of meeting Miss Brossley will put wings on his hoels. New I night as well dismiss Peter, for I shall not leave this for some time."

Spiderby went to the front door and found the porter whistling to pass away the time as he sat on the upper stap, keeping guard over the door.

"Have you fastened up, Peter?"

Everything tight, sir, excepting this door, which I'm keeping for you."

Well, I shall not be able to get away for an hour or yet; so you can go home. I will lock it on the two yet; so you can go home. I will lock it on the inside until I am ready to go out, and will then see that it is made secure.

that it is made secure."

"I don't like the idea of your being here slone after what's happened, sir."

"Oh, I don't mind that, Peter. If any living intruders should come they would find that I had a revolver at my right hand."

"Well, sir, I wouldn't stay in there alone after dark for a handful of them bills you have so plenty. I always was afeard of ghests, sir, and my mother before me. I've heard strange sounds down in them wants."

"When ?" asked Spiderby, rather startled.

"Many, and many, a time—not sate neither. I heard something last evening when I was down seeing to things."
"Nemeuse! What did you hear?"
"Grouns. Human grouns."
"The banker laughed outright, a sharp, unnatural

laugh.

Imagination, Peter, all imagination. It will be

"That fellow gave me a terrible shock," he mut"That fellow gave me a terrible shock," he mut"That will be dark to-night."
"Dark as a stack of black eats," responded the
porter. "I hopes you won't be follered by ghosts
or robbers on your way home, sir."
"I'm no coward, Peter," said his employer, lightly,
as he went in, turning the huge key in its wards,
and thus shutting himself up in the lonely buffding.
He said truly that he was no coward; but, as he
walked back into the inner room where a single gaslight was burning, he trembled from head to foot,
and his eyes shot nervous glances at the barred
window, with its sheet-fron shutter, and the bolted
and locked door leading down into the vaults.
"That fellow gave me a terrible shock," he mut-

"That fellow gave me atterrible shock," he mut-tered, sinking into the chair by his desk, " with his talk about human groams. For a moment I was quite certain that he—but he's foolish, and it's lucky for me he is."

for me de is."

He sat motionless for some time, his arms folded across his breast, his gaze resting on the floor. There was new no eye, friendly or unfriendly, to read the secrets of his soul. It was a relief for him to throw axide the mask he had worn through the day and let his features suit themselves to his desperate

Sorely any who knew Spiderby as the slock, conventional gentleman which he appeared to the world would have been surprised and shocked to read him by this new light, for his face—dark, set, and gloony—revealed a soul neither sleek nor conventional, but

this new light, for his face—dark, set, and gleomy—treveiled a soul neither sleek nor conventional, but tortured by some rending passion, and writhing under some unbuly sorrow. He finally raised himself from his reverie to consult his watch.

"Only nine. I cannot move before eleven. I believe my watch has run down."
He placed it to his ear. It had not run down. It was only the waiting that had quadrupled the length of the creeping minutes. Turning to his desk, hearranged the few papers lying about; then he took up a book, endeavouring to interest himself in that. It was anovel—Spiderby read novels sometimes—whose heroine was beautiful and interesting, but not so beautiful or so interesting as the woman of whom he was thinking; so the volume slipped from his hand, and his reverie again came over him.

"There is only one thing new between her and me," he nummured, there grief for him. How long shall I have to wait for that to wear away, I wonder? Great Heaven! I wish I could obliterate it as swiftly as fate obliterated him! How still it is here! Not ten o'clock!"

ten o'clock'?

"It was very silent and still all about the great stone building. Within, not a mouse pattered or nib-bled; the gaslight burned faint and blue. Without, black masses of rainless clouds shut away the starlight; the iron shutters gave no token of the solitary light burning in the back room, but the bank stood up, a blacker shadow in the blackness. The offices in the second and third storeys were all occupied by those who closed them before dark. Two or three young men slept in the upper storey, but these had either retired early or were out late. Yet there was a hunning figure whereall appeared so described. Peter Cooper had not gone home as he had received permission to do.

Curied un close against the door beauty and to control of the control of

Cooper had not gone home as he shad received permission to do:

Ourled up close against the duor, he sat on the cold stone sill as the hours lagged by. He had taken some pieces of bread and choese from his pocket and extensible m; but that amusement had been long over, since which he had resained there, carled up in his shaggy overcout fills own great. Newfoundland dog, without even the relief of whistling to pass away the time, his car a pressed against the dron-sheathed door.

afraid of ghosts, but he was not afraid to remain there on the steps, keeping chilly and solitary guard, until midnight.

midnight.

About that time he heard the banker moving in his office. By keeping his ear to the iron door he distinctly heard him unbolt the inner door which led down to the wants. Peter shuddered and grew wolder than ever; but not with the fear of ghosts. He arose, and, stealing softly around the corner of the building into a vacant space which lay at the west side, he clambered over a high fence, by means of some helps which he had previously arranged there, and found himself in the rough and stony ground on part of which the hank shood. of which the bank stood.

found himself in the rough and stony ground on part of which the bank stood.

He was pretty familiar with the place, but he fell once or twice, so dark was the night, ore the reached the man-hole that we have before referred to, the stutter of which he felt with his hands, again bending his car into contact with it, the better to hear the muffled, dragging sounds which came mearer to the window from the inside.

Before long he heard the attempts of some one to open the various locks and bars with which it was made secure—attempts in which, though not without verations delays, the person succeeded.

Not a ray of high temanated from the depths within as the shutter was pushed softly back. Peter shrank away a little, flattening himself against the wall. He could hear, and hearing, in this case, was almost as satisfactory as if he had been able to employ more of his five senses. He heard the laborious sighs, the deep inspirations, with which some one tugged and lifted at a heavy object, until it was raised to a level with the opening, and pushed through and out. He heard the toiler climb after it and emerge beside his silent, motionless burden. Peter, from long romaining in the darkness, could make out the dim outline of that burden and its mover, who could literally perceive nothing with his eyes, but groped and stumbled and staggered down the path towards the river, dragging that dark object after him.

Noiselessly Peter crept behind, while the other

staggered down the path towards the river, dragging that dark object after him.
Noiselessly Peter orept behind, while the other made his slow way down the rugged bank to the river's edge, murmuring in the darkness, and faintly glinting as it swept by. Here there was a pause, followed by a loud plash. The water lay so far below the ledge of rock just there as to prevent anything being rolled or thrown into it without some noise.

There was a loud alash as we have said followed.

There was a loud plash, as we have said, followed by deep silence, broken only by the soft and steady flow of the running stream.

Peter almost broke into a groan, but suppressed it

The man standing so near this unsuspected witness of a dreadful deed did groan.

"Heaven have mercy on my soul!" he said, in a

low, stifled voice.
"It never will," responded Peter, below his breath.
Almost as if he had heard him, or, rather, as if im-

"It never will," responded Peter, below his breath. Almost as if he had heard him, or, rather, as if impilled by sudden torture, the man started, and ran back along the path; stumbling and panting, but auxious to get away from an accurace spot.

"When he came to the man-hole he climbed in again, fastening it behind him. Then the portor, who had followed him, retraced his steps to the river.

By this time the clouds had parted a little; it was still very dark, but not so dark as it had been, and Peter had been called an owl-more than once for his stupidity in the day-time-and his facility in getting about in the night. He now looked about for a pole with a hook at the end which he remembered had been left by some of these engaged in searching for Mr. Glastor's body in the water.

When, at last, he found it he lowered the barbed end into the river, at the spot where the burden had been cast over, moving it genety about, until it seemed to have caught in something, when he tried to pull it up with the object attached. It was some time before he could succeed in this; for, although Peter was noted for his great strength, which made nothing of boxes of spacie or iron shutters, the end of the hook defied his herculean efforts, until he was nearly in despair. However, it came no at last, growing somewhat lighter as it efforts, until he was nearly in despair. However, it came up at last, growing somewhat lighter as it neared the surface of the water.

neared the surface of the water.

Planting one foot firmly in a crevice of the bank, so that he should not slip, Peter raised the pole, hand over hand, until the dangling mass at the end came on a level with the bank, when, by a dextrous movement, he seized and landed it at his feet—the body of a man, clothed in its ordinary garments, dripping,

eaten them; but that annoement had been long over, since which he had resamined there, carled up in his isbaggy overcost "like var great Newfoundland dog, without even the relief of whisting to pass away the time, his car pressed against the dron-shoathed door.

Was it delity to Spiderby, banker, the cold-speaking, prompt-paying employer, which kept him to that wear some watch?

Peter was very simple. He had said that he was

this, and take it home for to-night. Mother's sharp

She'll give me good advice."

He attempted to lift the dripping body.
"I'll be shot if he ain't weighted," he muttered, "I'll be shot if he ain't weighted," he muttered, laying it down again. "On his feet and in his pockets," he continued, groping in the darkness after the things indicated. "Them are iron. They belong to the big scales in the cellar—I know 'em by the feel. The poor gentleman must have been desperate beat on suicide when he tied them to his feet and filled his pockets with 'em'. Oh, what a world this is! Especially the genteel part of it! I made up my mind, some time since, that the evil one dressed in broadcloth and walked with a gold-headed cane. I'll come back early, 'fore daylight, for these weights. They'll form some pretty stout links in the chain of evidence, as the court's allers talking about. Now,

He lifted, with a sudden effort, the body to his shoulders, climbing back with it up the path and over the wall—a feat accomplished with much difficulty, but safely surmounted, and without leaving any

traces.

The policemen of Burnley were few and far between; it was now after one o'clock, the streets wrapped in profound repose, the more so that the night was nisty and threatened rain.

After waiting for a few moments to rest himself, and to make sure that the way was clear, Peter resumed his burden, staggering slowly but sturdily forward, along the main street for a little way, then down an alley which brought him out upon a humble little quarthe case in a larger city, but with small one and two storey cottages, each isolated in its own little garden.

Noiselessly opening the gate to one of these, he reached the front door, which he found unfastened, awaiting his return. Having but little to tempt the cupidity of night-prowlers, these poor people were not so particular about bolts and bars as they might not so particular about bolts and bars as they might be; he entered, without the necessity of arousing any one, but as he came in his mother opened the door out of the sitting-room, and the light of her lamp flared over him and his burden. He hastily closed and looked the front entrance with one hand, supporting his load with the other, then turned on the white, scared face of the woman.

"Don's you make a noise, mother," he said, quickly, detecting her impulse to scream. "You must be silent as the grave now, if you never was before. Let me through, for my strength is gone."
The cold hand of the dread object swept her face as he pressed on with it into the tiny apartment, and slipped it down upon her neat carpet, all draggled and dripping as it was.

dripping as it was.

leaven have mercy, Peter!"

"Mother, don't you speak one word till I tell you what's up. I told you last night of my discovery in the cellar. It was all true."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"To-night, as I suspected he would, after they had

done searching the river, he threw the body in. I watched the whole proceeding, and I fished it out."
"What on earth was you thinking of, my son?
You'll have the officers on us instead of him. Why not to it have to onders on uninstead or him. Why not let it lie, and go and inform? It'll look mighty curious for them to find him here. The rich man will swear the poor one down. Peter, you take that corpse up this minute, and go put it back where you found it."

(To be continued.)

"SHOT through the heart" is a common expres-

"Short through the heart" is a common expression; yet, out of \$7,832 cases of gunshot wounds reported during the late war, it is said that in only four cases the bullet wounded the heart. There is a great doal of comfort in this fact?

A "Chear Jack" staying in Coleford has liberally presented an electro-plated cup to be shot for by the Coleford Company of Rifle Volunteers. The Government scarcely does as much, though it assuredly merits the name of "Cheap Jack."

A Few days ago, at Dundee, a frugal housewife, when cleaning a large codish, the extended form of which attracted observation, among other odds and ends found in its stomach a brass snuff-box, on the lid of which is the following inscription:—"William Wilson. May, 1840. From a few friends." The box is placed in a local museum, with a description of its discovery.

tion of its discovery.

PRICE OF LAND IN WARWICKSHIRE.—The Bush PRICE OF LAND IN WARWICKEHIER.—The Bushword and Lapworth estates of Mr. Robert Dolphin were recently sold by Mr. Holloway. The total amount realised by the sale was 47,000k. Messrs. Coleman and Coleman, solicitors, have furnished the following prices of the lots.—Lot 1, 200 acres 3 roods 36 poles, 10,000k.; lot 2, 237 acres 2 roods 26 poles, 11,300k.; lot 3, 142 acres 32 poles, 7,200k.; lot 4, 178 acres 3 roods 8 poles, 7,850k.; lot 5, 141 acres 1 rood 3 poles, 7,150k.; lot 6, 9 acres 1 rood 5 poles, 650k.; lot 7, 42 acres 1 rood 2 poles, not sold; lot 8, 53 acres 3 roods 30 poles, 2,750k.; lot 9, 93

acres 1 rood 15 poles, not sold; lot 10, 14 acres 14 poles, 900.; lot 11, 2 roods 26 poles, 50.; lot 12, 2 roods 10 poles, 55l. These prices are exclusive of timber. The average price of the land was just timber. The aver under 50l. an acre.

under 50t. an acre.

THE RESIDENCES OF ROYAL VISITORS.—The refusal of the offer of Her Majesty to place Buckingham Palace at the disposal of the Emperor of the Brazils during his stay is only the repetition of what occurred at Lisbon. On his arrival there the King of Portugal sent his chamberlain to say that the royal palace of Necessidadus had been specially prepared for his reception. It is one of the most spacious in Southern Europe, and in many ways worthy of being the home of an Imperial visitor. But his Brazilian Majesty declined the offer, observing that he was in mourning, that he had come to But his Brasilian Majesty declined the offer, observing that he was in mourning, that he had come to Europe on a tour of study and observation, and that he should feel he was less in the way of his royal relations if he stayed, like any other private gentleman, at one of the hotels. As to the Prince Imperial of Germany, his preference of the Prussian Embassy is only in keeping with the well-known fact that the mansion was purchased by the King of Prussia, not only as an ambassadorial residence, but to accommodate the King or any Prussian prince who would prefer that residence to any offer of our sovereign. Royalty, it may be observed, does not like to intrude upon regal hospitality any more than persons in ordinary life like to intrude upon the courtesy of friends.

CONCRETE GABDEN WALKS.

CONCERTE GABDEN WALKS.

WHAT is required is a cement that will be durable on walks and that will keep the grass from growing through them. There are so many different methods of making concrets or cement walks, that it is a difficult matter to decide which one is the best. The cost of materials that enter into the construction of walks also varies greatly, and that which is the cheapest in one locality may be the most expensive in another. All these circumstances must be taken into consideration whenever reading of or attempting to lay down cheap and durable walks. Where coal tar can be obtained, a good, durable walk can coal tar can be obtained, a good, durable walk can be made by filling in 4 to 6 inches in depth of broken be made by mind in any or money in depth of boxen stone and gravel. Make the surface level, and spread on a thin coat of hot coal tar; sift on fine sand or coal sahes; repeat the operation until three or four coats of tar are applied; roll or beat down each coat, and sift on as much sand or gravel as will

adhere.

Another method:—Take about equal parts of coal ashes and old slacked lime (from an old wall will answer); sift into a heap; make a hole in the centre and pour in hot coal tar, and mix as you would mortar. Let the heap remain a few days, or until it begins to harden, then spread it upon the walk-bed 2 to 4 inches thick; roll down and sprinkle the surface with fine sand or gravel. If applied when first mixed, it will stick to the shovels and spades used, and is very difficult to handle, but after a few hours it becomes more like mortar.

A cheaper walk can be made as follows:—Take two barrels of freshly slacked lime, and one of good cement, and mix with water, as for mortar. Spread

cement, and mix with water, as for mortar. Spread this over a good foundation of broken stone and gravel. As it hardens, roll down smooth. E. T.

DIAMONDS worth 10,000% were brought by the Cape mail steamer which arrived last week.

WAR SHIP FOR THE AUSTRALIANS,—The Vic-

WAR SHIP FOR THE AUSTRALIANS.—The Vic-torians have got their first iron-clad, the "Cer-berus." It was built in England, and as the colony contributed nearly 25,000. towards her construc-tion, which cost five times that amount, she may be regarded almost as a present made to Victoria by

be regarded almost as a present made to Victoria by the mother country.

TACT OF THE CROWN PRINCE.—The most difficult task of all those accomplished by the Crown Prince of Germany was most assuredly the visit made to the French department of the International Exhibition. Many people indeed were of opinion that it would be wise to giveit up altogether; but the Crown Prince is not used to be deterred by difficulty, and entering the "French annexe," not mindful of the facility with which the words might be applied to late acts, he maintained the same self-possession he had shown in the other portions of the Exhibition, as if totally unconscious of any impediment to he had shown in the other portions of the Exhibition, as if totally unconscious of any impediment to the cordiality of his reception. M. de Sommeran and his aide-de-camp, M. Ernest Fillonneau, on the other hand, advanced to receive his Imperial Highness with all due coremony, and with the same high-bred unconsciousness. But all embarrassment was at an end when the Crown. Prince, after looking round with admiration, turned to the two gentlemen, and said in a clear wide. "The most unbarras and said, in a clear voice: "The most unhappy moment of my life was that in which I was compelled to draw my sword against France, and the sight of these rare productions of her genius and industry increases my regret tenfold." Needless to say that all French hearts were won by the graceful

compliment, nor that the Crown Prince knew well enough beforehand that such would be the case.

It is with the confirmed lady flirt the spooney young man is most successful. She has similar tastes to himself. She is equally as vain and shallow. If he is not, neither is she happy when she has no one to flirt with, though, unlike him, she will flirt with one she does not care a button about. It is a matter of the utmost indifference to her how many heavest. matter of the utmost indifference to her how many hearts she lacerates; she is never better pleased than when she is making poor fools jealous about her. She will look languishingly on one if she imagines she can thereby stab the heart of another. In a general way she is accomplished. That is to say, she can sing and play tolerably, converse in an agreeable, though shallow, vein, and make herself lively. But she has never read anything since she left school more solid than a novel, and it is a matter of considerable doubt whether she knows how to make a pudding or sow a button on a shirt. Certainly, when in company, she would deem it a positive disgrace to assert she was capable of humble accomplishments. Her cheeks would blush and her eyes flash if such things were asserted of her. She is not proud of what she can and does do, but of what she cannot and will not do. It is difficult to understand why it should be deemed discreditable for a young lady to be able to do things for herself

to understand why it should be deemed discreditable for a young lady to be able to do things for herself other than choosing a bonnet or embroidering an antimacassar; but it is so, for all that.

It is remarkable, but, nevertheless, true, that, as a rule, flirts (both male and female) do not marry quickly. The chances are that a girl who becomes engaged at eighteen, and goes on becoming engaged and disengaged, as it is the custom for flirts to do, ultimately settles down into a confirmed old maid, and a very sour old maid too. She most probably ultimately settles down into a confirmed old maid, and a very sour old maid too. She most probably becomes a thoroughly discontented woman, who makes many enemies and few friends. She has no resources within herself, for the one great pleasure of her life has gone from her. She can no longer first. If she does wed, as a general rule she develops into the most virulent wasp, makes her husband miserable, and brings up her children badly. It is not very difficult to find reasons why first do not marry. Sensible men admire in a woman some

band miserable, and brings up her children badly. It is not very difficult to find reasons why flirts do not marry. Sensible men admire in a woman something besides a pretty face and engaging manners. They love intellect, common-sense, and heart—three qualifications which, generally, the flirt does not possess. She strangles whatever healthy human nature she possesses; but the true woman allows her affections full play, and is not ashamed of them. She will not lead a man to believe she cares for him when she does no such thing, she will not flirt with him just for the sake of flirting. She has a truer conception of what is right, and possesses a great deal more common-sense. She has derived her education from something else than three-volume novels and the society of empty-pated fops. She can be thoroughly merry, but she knows how to be merry without being idiotic. She can do something else than merely indulge in the suggestive "chaff" which flirts delight in, though she has no objection to joke and poke fun. She would not be ashamed to confess she looked after the domestic arrangements of a house. She may attract less attention in a drawing-room than the flirt does, because she is less noisy and obtrusive; but, for all that, she will get married sooner, and make her husband a better and a truer wife. She may exoite less admiration, but the one man who loves her will love her with all his heart. wife. She may excite less admiration, but the one man who loves her will love her with all his heart. A genuine woman does not desire to be loved by more than one man, nor does a true man care to secure the affections of more than one woman. A true woman does not care for a spooney young man. She dislikes his foppishness, the vapid compliments he pays her, and his efficiency. He quickly finds this out, and leaves her in peace. Thus, if he ultimately gets married, it is to a flirt, and the "happy pair" lead the joilliest cat and dog life imaginable. He often, however, develops into a crusty, misantropical, foppish old bachelor, and becomes so disagreeable and conceited that he is universally hated by everybody but himself. She may excite less admiration, but the one

cal, foppish old bachelor, and becomes so disagreeable and conceited that he is universally hated by everybody but himself.

There is no use denying that flirting is, under certain conditions, extremely pleasant. So many people would not indulge in it were it not so. But it is frequently productive of disastrous results, and confirmed flirts are people who should be studiously avoided by those who are at all susceptible. There have been many lives chequered and darkened by their machinations. Flirting is, sometimes, quite legitimate. Lovers must, of course, flirt to a certain extent before they can properly understandons another. But then it is not indulged in as an amusement pure and simple. It is a righteous retribution that the after-lives of flirts are generally more or less miserable. We should be very sorry were it otherwise. When young they have the ball at their feet, and they kick it to the disadvantage of others. It is only just that it should ultimately be kicked away from them altogether.

ay ar w. ao irt ay ed ut he er. to

an elf he at-ow er-si-ole he

out alt ble elf an

rry nes ged do, aid, bly

no ure ger deus-

me-ers.

not nan

em.

rith uer reat

vels be erry else hich

joke

fess of a naw-oisy ried

ruer one l by

true

She

tely air He ropigree-d by nder But

and

d by cer-

s an is re rally sorry ball



THE FATAL PAPER.

CLARE ORMOND.

CHAPTER XXXIV

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Teast a few hours of supreme happiness. They wandered through the grounds, talking such nonsense as lovers delight in. They did not appear at luncheon, for neither of them cared for such mundane things as bread and butter, and they were only recalled to their remembrance of the claims of others by seeing Doctor Brooke and his son walking up the avenue towards the house.

avenue towards the house.
"Oh dear, I must go in and dress for dinner," said Clare. "Who would have thought it could be so Clare.

Jasper clasped her hand tenderly.
"Time has indeed flown on wings of light to-day "Time has indeed from on wings of figur to-day.

I have put far away from me every intruding thought of care, though I have at this moment a sad presentiment that the sunshine of this hour will soon be overdouded. Such happiness as ours is too bright the translation."

oversioneds. Such happiness as ours is too bright to last, my darling."
"Why do you say that, Jasper? If ever two beings should be thankful and happy it is you and I. All things have indeed worked together for our good, and I think Heaven watches over us, insignificant as we are." cant as we are.

want as we are."
"I believe it indeed, Clare, and to Heaven I will trust to bring us safely through such tribulations as may come to us before our future happiness is secured."
She raised her eyes with sudden terror in them.
"What is it, Jasper? What do you apprehend? My aunt may be capricious, but she will hardly change her mind about us now."
"It is not that which I dread, my love. I will tell you this much. I believe a great trial approaches us—of what nature I cannot now explain; but if you will only have courage and confidence in my father and myself, I think we can extricate our barque from the tempest that threatens to burst on it."

"Oh, Jasper, from what quarter will it come?

"Oh, Jasper, from what quarter will it come?

"Oh, Jasper, from what quarter will it come? You speak in enigmas, and my poor, cowardly heart begins to dread—I searcely know what."

"I am sorry I spoke at all, Clare, since I see how you are affected by my words. I wish only to prepare you for—for my aunt's death, for my father thinks it impossible for her to last many days longer. What may follow that event Heaven alone knows." Clare trembled, and excitedly asked:

"Can the drops I have given her have hurt her in any way? Oh, Jasper, I eannot tell you how bitterly I regret my foolishness. I had every assurance that they were perfectly harmless."

Anxious to spare her as long as he could the know-ledge of the critical position in which she stood,

ledge of the critical position. Jasper said:

"I am certain you believed that, my darling, or you would never have used them. After all, I may be only alarming myself unnecessarily, and my aunt may live to see us happily united. It is only her death I dread—only her death," he repeated, as if

death I dread—only her death," he repeated, as if mechanically.

"Can nothing be done for her? Is she so far gone as to be past all hope?"

"Everything that skill could accomplish has already been done. Both Doctor Brooke and my father, who is a well-read physician, though he does not assume the title of one, have regularly attended her for years. But for them she would have been in her grave long since."

"She must live till after we are married, Jasper. Tell your father at all risks to keep her alive so long," said Clare, scarcely conscious of what she was saying.

A dim fear began to penetrate to her mind that the elixir she had so innocently used had injured her aunt; and with it came such unspeakable horror that by the time she had gained the side entrance, which communicated with both of their apartments, she was pale as death

pale as death.

Jasper took her hand, and more cheerfully said:

"You must do as I have done to-day, Clare—have
strength enough to put from you all apprehension of
what to-morrow may bring forth. We have been
supremely happy for the last few hours, and I have
faith to believe that we shall be so again."

"Oh, Jasper, if I thought those drops have really
hurt my aunt I would not care much what became of
me! I should be too wretched to care for anything."

Jasper had pledged his word to his father not to
betray to any one the result of the analysis they had
made till the proper time came to do so, and at this

made till the proper time came to do so, and at this moment, when he might have been tempted to speak, Mr. Clifford himself came down the lateral hall in

air. Chillord himself came down the lateral hall in which they were standing.

He said, with a faint smile:

"I hope you have made love enough to each other for one day, my children. You have barely time for your toilette, Clare, before dinner is served, and both Doctor Brooke and his son are here. Have you seen Miss Coyle in your wanderings through the grounds?"

"We have had eyes only for each other," replied Jasper. "She may have been walking too, but we have not seen her."

"It is very strange. I have hear trying to the contract of the contract of

"It is very strange. I have been trying to find her for the last two hours, as I had something im-portant to say to her, but she is not to be found."

"Oh, she'll be all right, and dressed as beautifully as ever when dinner is served," was Jasper's careless reply, and Clare effected her escape to her own apart-

ment.

As she passed Claudia's door she knocked, and, receiving no reply, looked in. The room was vacant,
but a sheet of paper which seemed to have been
wafted to the floor by the fresh breeze that came
through the open windows fluttered to the feet of the intruder.

Clare picked it up, saw that it had not been folded, and mechanically read the lines, which were addressed to herself:

"CLARE ORMON,—I am going away, to stay till my efforts to serve you and your lover are rightly appreciated. I am aware that Mrs. Adair is bitterly angry with me, and I do not care to face her displeasure. A scene between us might be fatal to her, and, much as you may desire her death, I have no interest in being instrumental in the furtherance of your

"Your love charm will soon accomplish its work; the wealth you have coveted will be yours. But be-ware, for a Nemesis is upon your path, and the fair future that looms before you is already overshadowed with the clouds of fate.

with the clouds of fate.

"When death enters this house, as it will ere long, I will return to its shelter; then you will learn the only terms on which immunity for your crime will be accorded you. The drops you have administered to your and were poisoned, though that can be no news to you. I have visited your room and taken possession of the bottle containing them. I shall take it away with me, to be used as evidence against you should you attempt to turn on me and refuse the only compromise by which your safety can be insured."

Half-dazed with horror, Clare read the lines twice over before she could quite take in all their dreadful meaning. Then, with a moan of anguish, she fell fainting to the floor with the paper clutched in her hand, and was found there by Hebe, who came up to see if Claudia had gone back to her room.

Her outcries brought Jasper to her assistance, who

see if Claudia had gone back to her room.

Her outcries brought Jasper to her assistance, who fortunately secured the paper before a group, collected by the girl's wild cries, approached the room. He thrust it in his pocket, lifted the insensible girl in his arms, and strode with her to her own apartment, saying, by way of explanation:

"Miss Ormond has not recovered from her fright of last evening. She has stayed too long in the hot sun walking with me this morning, and this is the result. Come with me, Lyra, and assist me to bring her back to consciousness."

her back to consciousness

His father and the servant girl went into Clare's

room with him, and by the united exertions of the three she presently ravived, and, looking wildly around her, cried out:

is it? Where is that dreadful paper? Where Oh, I shall die! I shall die if what she says is true

"What paper?" asked Mr. Clifford. "I have seen none, my child."

"I had it-I found it on the floor in Claudia's room. I-I read the dreadful words, and

Again she sank into insensibility, and fell from one fainting fit into another till the vicient shock she had received terminated in fever and delirium. Jasper was almost beside himself with serror, but his father reassured him by declaring that youth and an unbroken constitution would bring her through the

unbroken countries attack in a few days.

The dinner that day was scarcely touched by those reame down, for whom it had been set out. Jasper came down, and tried to do the honours, in the absence of the ladies of the family, but his father remained beside Clare the greater portion of the time till the party were summoned to Mrs. Adair's spart

Before going to it Jasper found means to show his

Before going to it Jasper found means to show his father Claudia's letter, and neither of them scrupled to read it. [Mr. Olifford gloomly said:

"It is as I supposed. There is some deep-laid scheme of villany to be developed by that wretched woman and her accomplice. I have been working to defeat them, and I will do it yet, or perish in the attempt. I wish now that I had prepared that peor child for the blew, and told her all that we know. She is in an condition now to understand what is said to her, but if any proof of her innocence were wanting it has been supplied by the vivid herror expressed in her face when she referred to that letter. It was a cruel, cruel blow to strike, but it was worthy of Claudia Coyle. The wretched viper! She is all yet perial through her own venom, if I can only follow her up through all her singular in the control of th

follow her up through all her sinuous windings."
"Whither can Miss Coyle have gone? I hard
think she has left the neighbourhood," said Jasper. No; she has doubtless taken refuge with man I have seen her walking with at night more than

once lately. I have been near enough to them to hear their voices distinctly, but they spoke in French, and I could only understand a word here and there. I should, perhaps, have told Mrs. Adair at once, but I am so much afraid of exciting her that I forbore, thinking that I could defeat Claudia in the end." "We will—we must do that, father. But we must

go now, or my aunt will become impatient."

"Yes, we will go to her, for it is not safe to excite

her in the least degree. Her condition is very critical, and her death just at this crisis would be a terrible thing for Clare

father and son joined the other gentlemen, The father and son joined the cluster gentlemen, Doctor Brooke and his son, and went with them to Mrs. Adair's room. She had slept for several hours since her attack in the morning, and looked cheerful and well pleased to see her old friend and his son.

With a smile, she said:

The last act in the tragi-comedy of life is about The last act. In the tragi-comedy of life is about to be consummated, doctor. My will is made, and I wish you to witness it. After it is duly signed and sealed all that remains to me is to make my peace with Heaven and shuffle off the mortal coil which, of late years, has been more of an encumbrance than

anything else to me."

The old man pressed her hand tenderly, and gently

It is appointed unto all of us to die, but making a will is no evidence that your time is near, my dear madam. I came at your bidding; but now that I am here you must not bring up such lugubrious faucies for my entertainment. I am not thinking of dying, I assure you, and you are not so much

self."
The warning is here," replied Mrs. Adair, placing hand significantly upon her left side. " But we her hand significantly upon her left side. "But we will let that pass, as I have found that talking of one's aliments only seems to intensify them. Bring or one's aliments only seems to intensify them. Bring up the table, Dick. I have added a codicil to my will, which is not to be read till after my death. You see I have not lost my taste for dramatic effect, and I have prepared a surprise for you when the in strument is read."

Mr. Clifford earnestly regarded her, but she re-plied to his questioning glance by saying, with a

You will be as much surprised as any one, Dick ; but I am not going to give you a hint of what the codicil contains. I have folded the paper in such a way that no glimpse is to be obtained of my writing, and all you have to do is to sign your names. Be patient, friends; it will not be long before the little mystery I have chosen to throw around my last will and testament will be made clear to you."
She held out her hand for the paper, placed it care-

fully on her open portfolio, wrote her own signature, and watched the signers as they traced their names on the few inches of space left for that purpose. Mrs. Adair then folded and sealed it herself, im-

pressing on the wax a seal she ordinarily used. which was a ship tossing on a stormy sea, with the motto "Such is life."

She smiled faintly as she read it, and said: She smiled is not year as she read it, and said:
"My storms have chiefly been mental ones, but I
sometimes think they are harder to bear than the
evention of adversity. I could more easily have struggled
with the world than have borne, in the silence of my own heart, the griefs and disappointments which have assailed me, Ah! life is a sad, sad puzzle, and now that I have reached its utmost verge I can be back and think of the words of Job, that 'man I can but look in a greater degree woman-'is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward."

"True," said Doctor Brooke, who up to that mo-ment had been silent, sighing heavily, "and the older men get the greater fools they are sometimes. They often deserve the troubles they bring upon themselves through their own folly." anid Doctor Brooke, who up to that mo-

. Adair glanced shrewdly at him.

"What has happened to you, doctor? Yesterday I thought you in the seventh heaven of bliss, and, if you will excuse my frankness, of senile imbe-

The old gentleman coloured and looked abashed.

He gravely replied: "I know now that I have been acting under a de-lusion, madam. You do not believe in such things, I am aware, but I had a revelation last night from one

Lam aware, but I had a revelation last night from one who has been the guard and guide of my life since she left me to dwell among the angels. For the first time she has been inconsistent, and I have been misled by what I supposed to be her wishes."

"Old shon you have been stopped in your heading career towards strife and wretchedness during the memant of your life. "Mile well that sade well," "said the did hely, graciously. "I deorgrafulate you fee more heartily on your return to your old allegiance than I did yesterday on your new engagement; yet the disappointment to the fair widew must have been a severe one."

"You mean as regards the material advantages of

You mean as regards the material advantages of an alliance with a man of ample fortune. I have re-gained my sober senses, Mrs. Adair, and I can now see that in myself there can be but little to attract see that in myself there can be out little to actually so brilliant and charming a woman as Mrs. Harte. I intend to do by her what I think is right and honourable, and I shall settle upon her a certain amoual sun, which will be sufficient to compensate her for uch disappointment as she may feel.

"And prevent a suit for breach of marriage pro-mise," whispered Walter Brooke to Jasper. "The widow's a humbug, but the old man believes in her, and my sister and I are more than willing to give up a few hundreds a-year to be quit of her."

Mrs. Adair here said :

Mrs. Adair here said:
"I hope this change in your plans will make no difference to Judith. You will not withdraw your consent to her marriage with Mr. Bowden?"
The doctor rather ruefully replied:
"I have given my word, and an honourable man never withdraws that; but it will be a dreadful inconvenience to me to have no lady to manage my heuse. Walter must be looking out for a wife, I suppose, and if he had been fortunate enough to find one in that sweet little niece of yours, I could have contented myself without Judith. But that is quite

out of the question now, I suppose."
"Quite," replied Mrs. Adair. "Clare is betrothed with my full consent, to my nephew, Jasper Clifford, and their marriage will take place without any unnecessary delay.

"Then I am to congratulate you, my boy," said Walter to his successful rival, as graciously as he could. "I thought it would be so from what I saw yesterday.

yesterday."

Jasper only bowed in reply, and Mrs. Adair suddenly asked:

"What has become of Clare? I have not seen her

"What has become of clars, since that important interview this morning,"
"She is lying down, auni," Mr. Clifford hastened to say. "The fright of last evening and the exciteto say. "The fright of last evening and the excue-ment of this morning have been too much for her. I have been up to see her, and I think she will soon be better, though she is not well enough to visit yeu this evening."

"I am sorry to hear that; I wanted her to talk to me, and to read me to sleep, as Claudia etten does; for she will not be allowed to approach me again till I summon her to dismiss her from this house."

The gentlemen looked at each other, for they all vere aware of Miss Coyle's sudden disappearance, though it had been thought advisable to keep Mrs.

longs it had been thought advisable to keep are, dair in ignorance of her evasion. Mr. Clifford drily said: "Miss Coyle will make no effort to intrude on you, ant. She knows how deeply you are displeased

with her, and she accepts her exile with resignation I think we had better leave you now, for you are be ginning to look weary."

ginning to look weary."

"Yes, you may go. A little effort tires me now. Good-bye, doctor. Come and shake hands with me, for of late I always feel, in parting from a friend, that it may be for the last time."

"You must not have such melancholy fancies"

was the reply.

But Doctor Brooke took both of her hands in his, But Dector Brooke took noth of her hands in his, and the two looked each other in the eyes with that sad and pathetic expression which seemed to say "Adicu till we meet in a better land."

He pressed his lips to her hands, and tears were in

his eyes as he turned away, for his professional ex-perience enabled him to see that in her face which led him to believe that her premonitions of a speedy end were all too true.

The grotesque and the sad always lie side by side in life; and we turn from the shaded chamber of the deemed lady to the doings of Pheebe Simpson.

She had taken Walter into her confidence, and con-

She had taken Walter into her confidence, and contessed to him that a practical joke of hers had led
to the angagement between Mrs. Harte and his father.
He was only too enger to aid her in repairing the
misolide she had dang, it that were possible now,
Relying on Claudie Goyle's sacranece that the widow
would quietly withdraw, Phosbe induced Walter to
ride over to her father's and bring, back with him
the bast of his mother which was an exact copy of
the one she had so cathleast destroyed.

As before, she entered Doctor Brooke's room after
he had fallen ashapp grapped in a white shawl, with
an ingeniously contrived mask grow her face, and
around ber head a citale of papers covered with phosphorus, designed to present a shalo.

She placed she had in its walst place upon the
pillow and Walter, beneath the open window, swept
whe charles of guitar with covere window, away
the charles of guitar with covere window, away
and sasted up if the pasted uping the cap, exclaiming:

"Ha! Are those strains from the mystic realms
of the land of the land of the cape window, away
had the land with the covere window, away
had charles up if the pasted uping the cap, exclaiming:

"Ha! Are those strains from the mystic realms

those strains from the mystic realms? What do I see? An angel ministrant " Ha! Are of spirit-land? from realms of blessedness. Hast thou come back to me, angel of my desolated life, or am I dreaming?"

In a faint, carefully modulated whisper, Phobe breathed, rather than spoke, a few words, to which the deluded old man listened as to an oracle.

"It is no dream. I am permitted to return to you,

to resume our communion, and Aspasia must be banished from your heart and life."

He made an effort to touch her, but Phobe recoiled

He made an effort to touch her, but Procee recoiled from the side of his couch, and, in doing so, gave a sudden impalse to the bust, which rolled down and struck him on the breast. As she gained the door she paused, and, still in that uncarthly whisper, said:

'My image has been miraculously renewed. Clasp that to your heart, and never more think of giving me a rival."

Translitic as it was y seem [Doctor Brooks impli-

Incredible as it may seem, Doctor Brooke impli-Incredible as it may seem Doctor Brooke implicitly believed in the reality of this scene, and in the morning he acted on it. He spoke frankly to Mrs. Harte, and offered her such compensation for her disappointment as he was very glad to accept in lieu of the hand she had known from the previous evening would never be hers.

CHAPTERIXXXV.

MRS. ADAIR retired in her usual health, but Mona was told by Mr. Olifford to make her bed in the dressing-room, lest her mistress might need her in the night. Why he was so uneasy he could himself secoly have explained, but that premonition of im-pending evil which comes with subtle power to per-sons of sensitive organisation warned him that the

wery hours of the invalid were numbered.

With a sad heart he went up to Glare's apariment, to find her still delirious and inexpable of comprehending the sense of the words he whispered in her ear, in the hope that they might afford her confort and courage for the trial that he felt assured awaited

Lyra watched beside her, and administered the medicine at regular intervals. Mr. Clifford came up more than once during the night, that he might see more than once during the night, that he might so how Clare was getting on, and report her condition to Jasper. He, poor fellow, threw kinself on a sofa drossed as he was, and throughout the long hours of that seemingly endless night he scarcely slept at all.

More than once Mr. Olifford went to Mrs. Adair's door and listened, but all seemed still within, and he retired reassured, unconscious that the engel of death had already entered the portal and done his work.

At these Clare has seemed stip heavily extensions

h fo

bi W

At dawn Clare lay sleeping heavily, stupefied the narcotic she had taken, and the weary ho passed on till ten o'clock, Mrs. Adair's usual time for rising. Mons had flitted about Adair's usual time for passed on the second related about her room arranging things as usual, and more than once had been struck with the immobility of the old lady's attitude, but she did not dare risk arousing her by approaching too

17

LY.

dy

he

led

OW.

to of

fter

and

the

g:

k to

hich

holie

70 3

rshe

g me

npli-Mrs. her

Mona

the er in

mself

ment. npre-

raited

d the ne up

dition

sofa

irs of t all.

nd he

death ed by ne for

nging e, but

near, for one of Mrs. Adair's fancies had been that near, for one of Mrs. Adair's fancise had been that if any one leoked steadily into a sleeper's face the electric power of that glance would arouse the dormant soul from the deepest slumber. She lay turned slightly on one side, with her face partially hidden from view, and her hands clasped over her heart, as if to still its too-rapid pulsations.

Mona thought she elept unusually late, but no suspicion of the truth was arouned till she accidentally dropped upon the floor a book she was dusting; she turned in afright to the bed, expecting to receive a rearroof for her was wardness.

reproof for her wak wardness.

As there was no movement, not even a quiver of the folded hands, she became alarmed, and, reckless of consequences, rushed to the bedside, and placed her

consequences, rushed to the bedside, and placed her hand upon those of her mistress.

The icy chilf of those slender fingers told her that all their earthly work was done, and, with a wild cry, Mona rushed from the chamber of death, and met Mr. Chifford coming again to ascertain how Mrs. Adair had passed the night.

In the dim light of the corridor he had but an imperfect view of her face, but he intuitively knew what had happened. With effort, he asked:

"What is it, Mona? Why are you so much alarmed?"

alarmed ?

"Oh, sir!-oh, Mr. Clifford, she's gone. Oh! my

poor missis i my poor missis!"

"Huah! do not mise an slarm, for Clare is very ill, and she must know nething of this. Come back with me to Mrs. Adair's room. You may have been mis-

"Oh! I wish I was—I wish I was; but she's cold, and lying there like a stone woman. I tonelied her, then I knew it was all over with her pany poor missis! She was quick like, Mr. Clifford; but she was good to was quick lifer all that.

She was quick like, Mr. Clifford; but she was good to me, for all that."

While Mona talked thus, in the follows of her heart, Mr. Clifford made rapid strides towards the open door of Mrs. Adair's apartment, and in a few moments stood beside the ctill-form on whose life for a few weeks, or even days, so much had depended. A rapid glance showed him that all was over—that she had passed away in a tranguil sleep, mid that several hours had probably slapsed since the spirit left its temement of clay. He reverently closed the eyes, and, knoeling beside the bed, prayed during a few moments for the repose of the departed soul, and also for guidance in the difficult path this sudden death had opened before him.

Then, giving Mona such orders as were needed, Mr. Clifford went in search of Jasper, to tell him what had occurred, and to send him for Doctor Brooke, that the two might make a post-morten examination and

control went in search of Jasper, to tell him what had occurred, and to send him for Doctor Brooke, that the two might make a post-mortem examination and ascertain the cause of Mrs. Adair's audden death, He had no doubts himself, for she had suffered from aneurism of the heart, and he had long knewn that death might strike her at any moment. But it was necessary, for Clare's sake, to have the cause of her death ascertained beyond dispute; and as Doctor Brooke was a skilful-surgeon; and he himself quite able to act as an assistant, the examination could be made without any unnecessary-publicity, and its results used in defence of the hapless girl on whom it was evident Claudia Coyle and her accomplice meant to fix the charge of murder. The full turpitude of their designs Mr. Clifford could not stathon, but he supposed they intended to extort a heavy-ranson from Clare to save-her from the accusation they would otherwise bring against her.

He found Jasper, looking pale and heavy-syed,

He found Jesper leeking pale and heavy-eyed, walking to and fro beneath the windows of Clare's apartment. When he saw his father's face he knew apartment. When he saw his father's face he knew that something dreadful had happened, and he, think-ing then only of Clare and her danger, hoursely ex-

claimed:

"She is dead! And you have come to tell me!"
His father understood him, and, drawing: him from
the vicinity of Clare's room, hastened to say:
"Clare is sleeping, and I hope the best for her
now that the delirium is quieted. Death has entered to house, but his dart was not levelled at her,

fered the noise, but are sound man gazed silently in For a moment the young man gazed silently in his face, then said, with repressed excitement:

"My annt was his victim, and she—my darling, my darling—is in danger from this sudden event. These wretches will set promptly now, and we shall not have time to save her from the toils they have spread for her. Oh, father! my heart will breaky as will that of Clare, if this villany be not cleared up and its authors punished."

"My son; I will use every effort to bring the truth to light. A neferious plot has been concocted, but we hold some of the threads of twin our hands, and they will serve as a clue to the next. Go now without delay for Doctor Brooke, and be sure that he brings with him his case of surgical instruments. been awarded her.

We must assertain the immediate cause of Mrs. He sat beside the couch and read over the prayers Adair's death; though I have no doubts myself, we have the dead, trying to fix his mind entirely upon must be in a position to satisfy those of others. them and to shut out for a brief space all thoughts of

When that is accomplished the old lady must be placed in the family vault without unnessessary delay, and I will hasten to Mr. Ormend, and obtain his assistand I will basten to Mr. Ormond' and obtain his assist-ance in clearing up the villany that has been so cle-verly concocted. That John Spiers is at the bottom of it I cannot help believing, though Mr. Ormond wrote to me that his daughter had nothing to fear from him, as he had gone to South America, and would probably not return. Do you think it possible that he and Claudia Coyle can be in league with each other?"

A sudden conviction that it was so flashed on Jas-

A sudden conviction that it was so flashed on Jasper's mind.

"I believe he is. His pretended departure was only a ruse to put us all off our guard. He is the manyou have seen in the grounds at night with Claudia, I feel sure, and, if you can unearth him, you will find the true criminal."

"But where can they have met? Besides, he pretended to be desperately in love with Clare; and the person I have seen is swidently Miss Coylo's lover."

and the person I have seen is evidently miss coylers lover."

"His love for Clare was feigned, and for some purpose that we have yet to fathom. "As to where he and Claudia have suct, in her wandering life she may have encountered him many times. 'Like seeks like,' and they are congenial spirits."

After a brief panse Mr. Clifford said:

"You may be right, Jasper. "At any rate I shall get away at the first opportunity, and seek for such traces of John Spiers as can be found. The nurse who obtained that liquid, and imposed it on her young lady as a love charm, must be rigidly examined, and also the old witch who concorted it. "Never fear, Jasper; I will find out the truth yet, and extricate

also the old witch who concorted it. "Never fear, Jasper; I will find out the truth yet, and extricate your betwethed from the dangerous position she is in, by fixing the guilt on the true criminal."

"I trust so," replied Jasper, gloomily, "for I feel to-day as if the blackness of darkness is settling around her fate and my own."

"Hope for the best, my son, and set out at once for Brookover. By the time you get back with the doctor overything will be in readiness for the examination, which will set at rest all conjectures as to the cause of the old lady's death. That is the first thing to be attended to."

attended to."

Jasper went to aummon the beatman, and his father ascended to Clare's apartment, to find her lying like one in a trance, with half-closed eyes and parted lips. Her pulse was irregular, though the fever had subsided as rapidly as it had arison, and Mr. Clifford saw no reason to apprehend danger to her physical health, unless the mind were allowed to east again and take in all the horror of her position while this dark

cloud hung over her fate.

"She is too sensitive to bear it,"he shought, "and the only salvation for her reason is to keep her under the influence of nariotics till the danger is past. Her the influence of narrotics till the danger is past. Her nervous system has received so great a shock that she will die under the fluctuations of dread and suspense before the truth can be found out and the true urinisat found. I will take the assponsibility, Olare, and keep you from knowing what is going on around you till it will be safe to asouse you from your latinary."

Thus thinking, he prepared a draught to be given at stated intervals, which was designed to act upon the brain alone; said, giving the whimpering Lyra strict injunctions as to its administration, he went down again to see if his orders to Mona had been fulfilled.

An hour had passed since he had left Mrs. Adair's

fulfilled.

An hour had passed since he had left Mrs. Adair's room; and Mona, with the assistance of two women, had already made the toilette of the dead.

On a wide sofa, covered with a linen sheet, lay the small, shrunked form, elad in loose, flowing robes, daintily embroidered, which Mrs. Adair had had prepared for this purpose when her health first began to fail her.

Mrs. Adair had been a philosopher in her small way. Death she regarded not as the enemy but the friend of man—not as a conqueror but as a deliverer. He had come while she slept, and had borneaway the spirit to meet its award, apparently without a struggle.

spirit to meet its award, apparently without a struggle. Her face was ineffably serone, and much of its youthful beauty had reteried to it in those hours of pulseless repose. Angel fingers seemed to have smoothed out the lines left by care and suffering, and a calm smile rested on her lips.

She had been a worldly woman, and in some respects a hard one; but as Mr. Olifford looked down on ther her left that her faults had grown out of her surroundings, that the good would be sifted from the evil, and that mercy would prependerate when her small sine were weighed against her long life of probity and her desire to do right in the sphere that had been awarded her.

the living, for whom this sudden death might have

the diving, for whom this sudden death unight have such fearful consequences.

Doctor Brooke came as speedily as possible, and atfirst he was so tremulous over the shock he had received that the stronger man feared the would not have the requisite composure for the examination he was so desirous of having made.

"Jasper insisted that I should bring with me my surgical instruments, and said that you would explain why it was necessary to use them. "Surely, Clifford,

why it was necessary to use them. "Surely, Clifford, there can be no doubt as to the cause of Mrs. Adair's death. 'We both know that she has suffered from ancurism of the heart, and was liable to drop off at

ancurism of the heart, and was liable to drop off at any moment."

Mona still lingered in the room, and, glancing dowards her, Mr. Clifford replied, in a low tene:

"That is very true, doctor; but if you will come with me into the dressing-room, I will-explain my reasons for wishing to accertain precisely what was the cause of Mrs. Adair's death. It is of vital importance to one person, at least, that it shall be established beyond doubt that her decease was brought about by astural causes."

Dr. Brocke looked surprised, but he followed him into the room, and they talked together there for half an hour, leaving Mona to watch beside the corpse of her mistress.

her mistress.

her mistress.

While they were gone Jasper came in, bringing with him the case of instruments. He put them on the table, then took a seat beside the sofa, looking down with moistened eyes upon the calm face which had sometimes frowned heavily upon him, but which had also often smiled, and in his heart he blessed her for the happiness he believed she had assured him on the previous day.

Mona drew near him, and tearfully said:

"She was a good mistress to me, sir, if she was cross and difficult to manage sometimes. I shall miss her very much, and if it was not that Miss Ornsond will come after her I should be grieving even more than I am."

Jasper started at Clare's name, and a cloud came over his face. His heart was aching heavily, and he

over his face. His heart was aching heavily, and he could only say, in reply:

"I think your new mistress will be as kind to you, Mona, as your old one was. That is, if she live to enjoy the fortune that will now fall to her."

"Do not be down-hearted, sir. Miss Ormend has a slight attack of fever, but she will soon be well. I can see how things are going, and we shall have a good master in you as well as a good mistress in her. Trust in Providence, sir, and have no fear but that everything will be over-ruled for the best."

Jasuer was desply touched and a little comforted

everything will-be over-ruled for the best."

Jasper was deeply touched and a little comforted
by the faith of the kind-hearted dependent, and he
grasped her hand as he hearsely said:

"I trust in Heaven that you may prove a true prophetess, 'Mona; but to-day I can see little that is
bright before me."

"That is but natural, sir. When death is in the
house we all feel as if our own sale introches."

"That is but natural, air. When death is in the house we all feel as if our own sole future business will be to prepare for our own death; but we get over this feeling, and after a while the sun shines again as brightly as it did before."

Before Jasper could reply to his comforter the curtain before the door of the dressing-room was lifted, and the two gentlemen came in—Dr. Brooke looking very pale, but evidently bracing himself with stern resolve to the repulsive task that lay before him.

Mona was ordered to bring wine, as Mr. Clifford saw that the old surgeon would need stimulating before he attempted to perform the duty required of him. "Mona," said Mr. Clifford, "you must be brave and silent, for what we are going to do is absolutely necessary. Shut the door and lock it. Bring towels and water, then retreat to the dressing-room till we have completed the examination we design making." Accustomed to obey, Mona went, shaking in every

Accustomed to obey, Mona went, shaking in every limb, to perform what was required of their, then cowered down in the dressing-room, stopping her ears with her fingers, as if she expected to hear her mistress ary out under the torture of the knife.

The result of the post-mortem examination was given to Jasper as it proceeded, and carefully noted down by him; this was afterwards read over and cer-

own by him; this was afterwards read over and certified by the two chief actors in the scene

Great care had been taken not to soil the garments of the deceased, and when Mona was summoned to the room again she was surprised to find the body of her mistress lying calmiy and decorously on the sofa, with no visible trace of what had been done.

sofa, with no visible trace of what had been done.

Mr. Clifford said to her:

"You see, Mona, it was not so dreadful after all, though I admit it was a great trial to have to do it. It was necessary though, and none of us must shrink from an imperative duty. I know that you are to be trusted, and not a word of what has taken place here must be spoken of to any one—mind you, to any one—till I give you leave to speak. You must prove for once that a woman can keep a secret."

"Indeed, Mr. Clifford, I don't want to talk about anything so dreadful. It makes me creep all over just

"Very well; see that you are discreet, and it will be none the worse for you. I have some good news for you, which I'll not tell you till I have tested your Remove these things now, and make the I will see that you are well paid for your room tidy. I will see t silence and discretion."

silence and discretion."
"Deed, sir, you may trust me; but I hope some day I'll find out what it all means."
"It only means this: that we were anxious to find out if your mistress died of disease of the heart; have reasons of our own for wishing no one to know that we have taken measures to satisfy our selves as to the cause of her death. For the present nothing must be said about it, but before long we will proclaim it ourselves."

The room was soon restored to its usual appearance, and the three gentlemen left, carrying with

them the case of instruments.

Doctor Brooke, at his own request, went up to see Clare before he left; he shook his head over the half-lifeless condition in which she lay, though he admitted to Mr. Clifford that the course he was pursuing was the wisest one under the circumstances she were permitted to regain the control of her faculties till she could be assured that she was safe from arrest as the destroyer of her aunt, fatal results might ensue; therefore it was better to keep her senses stupefied than to risk madness as the result if perfect consciousness were restored.

Arrangements for a speedy and private funeral

were made before Doctor Brooke left, as Mrs. Adair ad always expressed the desire that no unnec

parade should be made when she died. Most of the neighbouring families were absent at that warm season—even the clergyman of the chapel the family attended was at some bathing-place, and Mr. Clifford took on himself the duty of reading the

burial service over the dead.

The vault of the Beauforts was in the rustic grave yard that lay around the little gothic church two yard that hay a round the miles gener church two miles away from Riverdale, and on the second day after her decease Mrs. Adair's remains were placed in it, followed by the family of Doctor Brooke and a few other friends belonging to her own sphere in

Judith Brooke remained at Riverdale to watch over the sick girl, as she could not think of leaving her to the care of servants alone.

(To be continued.)

THE PEARL ROCK.—Captain J. R. Ward, R.N. asks whether, seeing that the notorious Pearl Rock, within a few miles of our own Gibraltar, has in times past been fatal to numberless British vessels, including, he thinks, several ships of war, it be not deserving our consideration whether we might not with advantage to ourselves and to all maritime constitues when it a British procession at maritime countries, make it a British possession at once and erect on it a lighthouse, which by night and by day might warn vessels of all nations of its hidden and treacherous presence.

AN INCONVENIENT MISTARE.-A singular diffi-An INCONVENTENT MISTAKE.—A singular cimculty has arisen at Wittlage, in Hanover. The heiress to a considerable property married shortly before the war, and her husband, at the breaking out of hostilities, had to march for Fatherland. After the first battles the lady received the official certificate of the death of her husband. After aix months' or the death of her husband. After six months' mourning the disconsolate widow married, and a few days since her first husband presented himself again, on his return from captivity in France. A similarity of names had given rise to the official error. It is not yet known how the difficulty is to be settled.

THE SIAMESE TWINS SURPASSED .- According to an American journal, there is an Ohio double baby which is said to surpass in curiosity the Siamese twins, or the double-headed Nightingale, whose portraits adorn the walls of our various tho-roughfares. The Ohio twins have been examined whose portraits adorn the walls of our various thoroughfares. The Ohio twins have been examined by Drs. Williams and Little, and they are described as being united in a direct line from the occiput downwards along the spine. On one side are perfectly developed hips, thighs, legs, and feet. On the other side there is one large, imperfectly formed leg, presenting the appearance of the consolidation of two legs. There are eight toes on this limb, two of which have the appearance of great toes, being much larger than the others. Each child has a welf-formed head and features, good arms and hands. formed head and features, good arms and hands, lungs, heart, liver, stomach, etc. The lower portion of the trunk is said to be common to both. While these physicians were making their examination both cried, but, a few minutes later, one went to sleep, while the other remained awake. When either head would cry, the perfect leg which head would cry, the perfect leg which was nearest that head kicked and drew up, while the leg nearest the other head remained quiet. When either cried,

the toes on the imperfect foot would move, but the the toes on the imperiest foot would move, but the limb remained stationary. The child is, or rather the children are, in excellent health. The physicians could see no reason why it, or they, should not live.

LIFE'S SHADOWS.

CHAPTER I.

THE farm known as Redruth Moor is one of the most fertile in Lincolnshire, perhaps in all England. As its name implies, it comprises a stretch of moor, which is gently undulating like a summer sea, en-

closed, divided into pastures and meadows, with one or two thrifty plantations of firs and pines. The house is a picturesque old stone dwelling, which has stood a couple of centuries. Its massive which has stood a couple of centuries. Its massive walls are brightened by patches of hoar light; ity clings to its low turrets and many-peaked gables; it has a pretentious carved stone porch, with a bench on either side; it has frequent bow-windows upon the ground floor, set with quaint and tiny diamond panes, and these windows open upon green, smoothly mown terraces, which are nearly level with the wide stone window-sills. It has also an odd little belfry, in which the farm bell swings, and a tall tower, wherein is a clock by which the movements of all on the farm are strictly regulated.

ments or an on the farm are strictly regulated.

At a little distance in the rear of the house are the stable and rick yards, and a colony of out-buildings, all indicative of the extreme thrift and prosperity of the owner of Redruth Moor.

That owner, some twenty years ago, as to-day, was a woman, Miss Jacobea Redruth. She was and and owner, some twenty years ago, as to-day, was a woman, Miss Jacobea Redruth. She was and is possessed of first-class business abilities, active in her habits, keen, sharp-witted, and her own farm manager. It was a current saying throughout that portion of the county that Miss Redruth could extract more work for less money from her labourers than any other farmer in the kingdom. It was her custom to ride over her farm every morning, whatever the weather, upon her tall gray horse, actively superintending the construction of ditches, the building of stone walls, the planting or sowing of seed, and the gathering of harvests. She was an excellent stock-breeder, and her dairy was famous throughout the shire. She was always seen in the neighbouring town upon market-days, keen, watchful, and business-like, and her gaunt figure upon her ful, and business-like, and her gaunt figure upon her tall horse was not the least remarkable object in the streets and market-place on these occasions.

In streets and market-place on these occasions.

In her active, business life, however, Miss Redruth did not entirely lose sight of social duties and
claims. She was not a woman of social habits, or
particularly given to hospitality. In fact there was
a vein of parsimony in her nature that made social
withoring at her company and the contraction. gatherings at her expense a positive pain, but she had come of a fine old county family, and her ancient name and excellent lineage procured her friendly recognition and formal visits from the va

friendly recognition and formal visits from the various county magnates. These visits were as formally returned at stated periods, and but for their small break in the even course of her existence Miss Redruth would have led the life of a recluse.

Late one afternoon in May, nearly twenty years ago, Miss Redruth was seated in her drawing-room, according to her usual afternoon custom. Her farm and dairy had been duly superintended, and maids and labourers had been sharply reprimanded or meagrely commended, as they deserved, and Miss Redruth was sitting in state, in apparent readiness to receive visitors. Her chair was drawn up before an open bow window, and she was looking out with a strangely intent gaze into the depths of an apple orchard, which was covered with a white drit of a strangely intent gaze into the depths of an apple orchard, which was covered with a white drift of odorous bloom. One might have supposed her en-gaged in abstruse calculations as to the probable yield of the fruit trees, but a second glance at her deeply contracted face would have testified that her thoughts had a deeper and more unquiet source.

thoughts had a deeper and more unquiet source. She was a gaunt, grim woman of middle age and of masculine appearance. She had a hard face and a hard nature. She had no tender, womanly ways, no gentle, womanly sympathies, no sentimentality, as ahe loved to say, no fondness for womanly employments. The labourers at Redrath Moor were in the habit of calling her "Miss Jacob," and the masculine name suited her so well that even her neighbours and friends adopted it. She wore no jewellery of any description, and her black silk gown clung closely to her tall and bony figure, being relieved from absolute meagreness only by bands of linen at the neck and wrists. Redruth Moor was not an entailed estate, and Miss

Redruth Moor was not an entailed estate, and mass Redruth had inherited it from her father. The present representative of the proud old family was Colonel Redruth, her brother, an officer in the army, who had spent most of his life in India, and whose arrival she was now momentarily expecting at her home, after an absence from his native land of many years. Colonel Redruth possessed some uneacum-bered estates among the wolds in the northern part of the county, he was a widower, and his only child— a girl—had been since her early childhood under the

care and guardianship of the colonel's grim maiden sister. There was more of dread than of joyous an-ticipation in the manner of Miss Redruth as the

terpation in the manner of miss Redutin as the moment of the colonel's appearance drew nigh. "What can I say to him?" she muttered, un-casily. "What will he say to me when he knows all? I wish the meeting were over. Ah! there he

The carriage she had sent to Sleaford to meet her brother was in fact at that moment seen returning at a swift pace along the dusty road. It turned in at the wide farm gates, and came up the carriage sweep towards the porch. Miss Redruth arose after a mechanical fashion from her chair, and went slowly out into the wide hall, advancing to the threshold to meet her relative. An unwonted agitation and dread made her face seem more grim and harsh than ever. She looked indeed more like some wooden image than a living woman on the point of welcoming back to his friends and country an only brother whom she had not seen for years.

The open carriage came nearer. Upon the back The carriage she had sent to Sleaford to meet her

The open carriage came nearer. Upon the back seat sat a gentleman whose face flushed at sight of her; he took off his hat as a sudden rush of emotion swept over him. The carriage drew up at the porch, and the gentleman sprang lightly out and ran up the

steps.
"Jacob! My dear sister!" he cried, "Jacobi My dear sister: " e cried; in deep, agitated tones, embracing her. "You have not changed, at least, in the nine years since we parted." Miss Redruth submitted to the embrace, and presented her right cheek to her brother's caress, but she did not offer to kiss him. She was superior to

such small weaknesses.

"I am glad to see you back in England, George," she exclaimed, quietly. "You have changed, I think; but then your life has not been so quiet as mine."

She withdrew herself from his arm, and led him into the low, quaint, pleasant drawing-room.

The colonel halted just within the threshold and looked about the room with an eager, expectant

gaze.

He was a handsome, distinguished-looking man, of some fifty years, with a complexion deeply bronzed by Indian suns, with keen, dark eyes, a grand head, and black hair already streaked with gray. He wore iron-gray military whiskers, and his massive eyebrows were of iron-gray also, giving to his noble countenance a look of sternness and com-

his noble countenance a look or sternness and command that well became him.

"Where is Ignatia?" he asked, his face suddenly clouding with disappointment. "Why is not my child here to welcome her father? She—she is not

"No, George," answered Miss Redruth, with en-barrassment. "She does not know that you are ex-pected to-day. I thought it best not to tell her, and—and I sent her out in her little pony chaise for

'Intending to let her find me here on her return?' said the colonel, his brow clearing. "You mean to surprise her? That is not like you, Jacob, but the child's amazement will be delightful to witness the child's amazement will be delightful to witness. Will she be back soon? You can hardly comprehend my eagerness to see her—my only child, the daughter whom I have not seen for nine long years." "Sit down, George," said Miss Redruth, with perceptible uneasiness. "I have something to tell you before Ignatia comes. Did—did you hear anything over at Sleaford? Did you meet any one you need to know?"

to know?"
did not," said the colonel, wonderingly, seat-I did not. ing himself at a window commanding a view of the road. "Was there anything for me to hear?" he added, with a sudden change of countenance. "The child has not grown deformed, or had the small-pox,

ohild has not grown deformed, or and the small pro"How old do you think the 'child' is ?" demanded Miss Redruth, grimly. "You left her a
little girl, and she seems but a little girl to you
still. But she is twenty years old, a woman grown."
"Ah, yes," sighed the colonel. "She has left
her childhood behind her, but she will be something
dearer and nearer to me than simply a child. She
will be my companion, my friend. She will console
me in part for the loss of her mother. Does she
fulfil her childish promise of beauty and grace?"
"She does," said Miss Redruth, setting her lips
firmly together.
"I know that she is good," said the Indian sol-

an he va a se be ab affi a l rei off

"I know that she is good," said the Indian soldier, with tender emphasis. "I remember well her loving, sensitive nature, her winning ways, her bright, impetuous spirit. She had a noble intellect would not mean. I have the chair the least that the control of the said of -you do not mean, Jacob, that she is not so clear-neaded as she was?" he added, in sudden alarm.

"No, she knows enough," was the reluctant reply"Ignatia is keen-witted, intelligent, finely educated, and a beauty. She has pretty, impetuous ways, and is called fascinating. She might have made a great match if things had turned out differently."

"Ah!" said the colonel, trying to smile. "She has a lover then? That is to be expected at her She has pretty, impetuous ways,

"You should have come home sooner, George,"

71.

n-

ter

im

mt

nly

exfor

but less. the tell you

The pox, de. a 16

she lips

her llect

ays, de a

ge,"

snid Miss Redruth. "People who have children should stay with them and take care of them. They should not thrust the responsibility upon other people who have cares of their own, then find fault if their children do not turn out to their liking."

"I could not well come home earlier, Jacob," said the colonel. "I was, unfortunately for myself, a younger son, and I had little besides my commission. After my wife's death I stayed on in India, feeling little temptation to return to England. I had begun to think of returning when, some months since, I received news that our brother Lionel had died childless, and that I, as the next heir, had inherited all the Redruth estates and property. I have come home to enter upon the life of a landed proprietor. My damphter is an heiress, and as such must take her place in society. If she has an unworthy lover, I will undertake to wean her heart from him. Surely she cannot resist her father's loving counsels."

"It is too late for counsels," said Miss Redruth, with a sort of grim desperation. "I gnatia Redruth is beyond the reach of advice. You need not blame me, George. Ignatia herself will clear me of blame. It is not my fault if she has weeked your hopes and made herself a bed of living coals to lie on."

The colonel's face grew suddenly pale. The grizzled moustache on his upper lip trembled convulsively.

"What has she done?" he asked, in a hoarse

vulsively.
"What has she done?" he asked, in a hoarse

"What has she done?" he asked, in a hoarse whisper.

"Married a dissolute fellow—"
"Married Good Heavens!"
"It is so, George," said Miss Redruth. "She has been married nearly four years."

"Four years! And you never told me? She never wrote that she was married. Four years?"

"Yes. Let me tell you how it happened. About four years ago a regiment was stationed within twenty miles of us, and its officers were to be met at all the best houses in this part of the county. Ignatis was but a schoolgirl, under a governess, to whom I left the direction of her pursuits and movements. Ignatia hada a number of girl friends, whom she was often allowed to visit. At the house of one of these friends she met Captain Digby Holm. He was handsome, after the style girls like, I suppose, and became the rage, as the phrase is. He comes of a good family, but is dissolute. His own father has dissounded him. He is thoroughly bad, but has a specious appearance. He fell in love with Ignatia and she with him, and one day the precious pair caine into this very room and asked my consent to their marriage."

"Well?" said the colonel his face chastly white.

marriage."
"Well ?" said the colonel, his face ghastly white,

"Well?" said the colonel, his face ghastly white, his voice trembling.

"Of course I refused my consent," said Miss Redruch. "I sent Ignatia to her schoolroom, and, after lecturing Captain Holm, dismissed him from the house. I thought that was the end of the matter, but it seemed it was not. He haunted Ignatia's favourite walks after that continually. He sent her despairing letters by all sorts of messengers, begars, gipsies, and the like, and the child began to think she was living in a sort of romance. The governess was a silly romantic sort of woman, and fostered the miserable business. The upshot of the matter was that Captain Holm and my niece were married quietly without my knowledge by special licence at Sleaford, to which place Ignatia and her governess had gone in the pony chaise, on pretence of wishing to match Berlin wool, but really to meet the fellow."

"But how could be procure a licence to marry a child of sixteen, without the consent of her rela-

child of sixteen, without the consent of her relatives?"

"Captain Holm is not punctilious about speaking truth," said Miss Redruth, bitterly. "He may have declared Ignatia to be of age. At any rate, he returned in the chaise with the girl and her governess, and announced himself to me as Ignatia's husband. I did not know what to do. I dared not write to you; besides, letters to and from Indis were an affair of time. I wrote to Lionel, he being the head of our family. He was a nervous, peevish invalid, and wrote to me, 'For Heaven's sake, avoid a scandal,' and he told me to manage the matter as best I could, but on no account to write to you shout the matter, as you were so far away, and the affair would be settled one way or the other before a letter could get to you. Thus thrown on my own responsibility, I did the best I could. I tried to buy off Captain Holm. I represented that the marriage was illegal. He threatened, in reply, to make a scandal that would send the name of Redruth throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom. Ignatia loved him, and I finally compromised the matter by allowing them to be married in church, on publication of banns, and I gave away the bride myself. So the marriage was legal anyhow, and the name of Redruth received no stain."

"And this precious son-in-law of mine—is he in the house?" demanded the colonel, sternly, with lowaring brows.

"No; he lived bre with Ignatia for a year or

lowering brows, "No; he lived here with Ignatia for a year or

more, for I would not let my niece go from under my roof. He was a fickle, inconstant man. His fair outside hid a foul heart. He saw a face that was fresher to him, and therefore prettier than Ignatia's, and he deserted my niece. He sold out his commis-sion, and the child has not seen him for three years. I believe he is roving about the Continent. When he know her my niece was him as allowing them. he knew her my niece was but a sallow, unformed child. She is now very beautiful, but that, of course, he does not know. Neither does he know that she is now an heiress."

he does not know. Neither does he know that she is now an heiress."

The colonel arose and paced the floor with quick and agitated steps.

"I came back expecting to find my daughter a blooming, happy girl," he murmured, brokenly. "And what is she? A wronged, deserted wife! A woman who has known cares and sorrows and tears, and the freshness of whose life is gone for ever! It is very hard. I thought her so safe with you, Jacobea. I deemed a woman's care and protection as better than even a father's. I never had one misgiving, not even the shadow of a fear. I feel as if I had been bereaved of my child!"

"Don'treproach me, George," said Miss Redruth, her features twitching nervously. "Have I not suffered? How could I have done differently? Lionel approved my course. The Holms are an excellent family, and Captain Holm has the aspect of an honourable gentleman."

"And a foul heart! My poor, motherless child!" groaned the father, his bronzed face curiously pale with mental agony. "Tied to such a scoundrel, who had not even the virtue of faithfulness—"

"She need not be tied to him, George," interposed Miss Redruth, eagerly. "After Lionel's death I knew that you would come home, and I consulted Mr. Ainsley—my lawyer, you know. He says that it will be easy to procure a divorce for Ignatia. Her

Mr. Ainsley—my lawyer, you know. He says that it will be easy to procure a divorce for Ignatia. Her youth at the time of her marriage, your absence in India, Captain Holm's character, his desertion of her, and his unfaithfulness to her, render the matter

her, and his unfaithfulness to her, render the matter very simple and easy."

"Why should not the marriage be set aside as illegal?" demanded the colonel.

Miss Redruth coloured.

"Bocause—because—" she stammered. "You see, George, the Holms are rich. Only two lives stand between Captain Holm and a great estate."

"And you want me—a Redruth, and a rich manto claim alimony for my daughter?" cried the colonel, in a stern, ringing voice. "For shame, Jacobea. You would have me trade on her wrongs? You would have her accept money from this scoundrel?"

"No, no. Hear me," exclaimed Miss Redruth. "I would not have the marriage declared illegal, would not have the marriage declared illegal, simply because there is another person to be considered who has not yet been mentioned."
"Who may this person be?"
"Ignatia's child!"
"Her child! Ignatia's child! Great Heaven!

"Ignatia's child!"
"Her child! Ignatia's child! Great Heaven!
Am I dreaming?"
"No. I wish you were," said Miss Redruth.
"There is a child three years old, a girl. She must
not be robbed of her birthright. For her sake, as
you must see yourself, the legality of the marriage
must not be questioned. Should Captain Holm inherit his family property, her claim to a share of it
in due time must not be endangered. Her right to
an honourable name must not be invalidated."
The colonel did not answer. He strode backwards
and forwards with bowed head and gathered brows,
and Miss Redruth dared not question him, nor even
attempt to soothe him. She was sorry for him in

and Miss Redruth dared not question him, nor even attempt to soothe him. She was sorry for him in her grim, hard kind of way. She acknowledged to herself that it was a terrible reception the fond father had thus met on his arrival home after years of absence. His love for his daughter, his pride in her, were alike outraged. As she regarded his stern, set features she began to think he would never forgive his daughter for that girlish waywardness which had wrought such rain; but Ignatia had atoned for it, if suffering can atone, in years of anguish and

and wrought such rain; but Ignatia had atoned for it, if suffering can atone, in years of anguish and hopeless grief.

"I don't think Ignatia so entirely to blame," she ventured to say, after a little while. "I ought to have guarded her more carefully, but I trusted to her governess, and she was but a bent reed. Captain Holm was versed in all the accomplishments; could ride well, could dance well, and had a certain flippancy that passed for wit, and the poor child though him a hero. She was scarcely more than a child, George. I think now I never ought to have consented to the second marriage. Indeed I should not, only that I feared they might fly together. Ignatia has suffered fearfully."

The colonel gave no sign that he heard these observations. His head remained bent to his breast, and he hurried to and fro with the steady tramp of a sentinel on picket guard.

"This is a turning-point in her life," said Miss Redruth, after another uneasy silence. "Thope you don't intend to cast her off, George. I hate a scan-dal. The girl knows that you are expected home, but I would not tell her by what steamer you were

coming. She is afraid to meet you. She trembles

coming. She is afraid to meet you. She trembles like a leaf at the mention of your name."
Still no answer from the colonel. His step did not falter, or his stern features relax in their expression.
Miss Redruth turned from the contemplation of his face to the open window, her firm, hard mouth growing firmer and harder as she compressed it more closely. Neither spoke again until a little basket chaise, drawn by a stout, shaggy pony, came leisurely along the highway and turned into the open farm gateway, then Miss Redruth exclaimed:

"Ignatia is come. How will you receive her?"
The colonel answered in a hoarse voice, without looking up:

looking up:

"Send her to me. Stay—you need not tell her I am here. Let her come in here. Let us meet alone, Jacob."

Miss Redruth arose and withdrew, the look of apprehension deepening on her face.

CHAPTER II.

CHAPTER II.

THE little basket chaise drew up before the porch of the stone house, and the young lady who held the reins tossed them to a stable lad who was at hand, and alighted, helping out a little child. The two, lady and child, then ran lightly up the steps, the child laughing gleefully at the mimic race.

The hall was deserted when the pair entered it, Miss Redruth having betaken herself to a rear apartment. The young lady turned into the drawing-room, as from habit, and the child ran after her, still laughing.

"Where's Aunty Jacob?" cried the young mother, in a gay, sweet voice. "Her chair is empty. Shall we find her?"

in a gay, sweet voice. we find her?"

She moved lightly across the floor, then, her eyes She moved igntly across the noor, then, her eyes suddenly resting upon the grand figure and storn, commanding face of the returned soldier, she came to an abrupt halt. A cry of terror and horror, strangely mingled, came from her white lips. Her face blanched; her limbs trembled; she panted for

breath.

The father and daughter stood face to face after a separation of nine long years.

The colonel scarcely recognised in this magnificent woman the sallow, unformed, romping little creature he had left. Her tall and slender figure was instinct with a stately grace. Her overy movement indicated refinement and thorough breeding. Her head was proudly poised upon a slender neck, but it was her face the father studied with stern, accusing, sorrow-

proudly poised upon a slender neck, but it was har face the father studied with stern, accusing, sorrowful eyes.

It was a dark and soul-lit face, as gloriously beautiful as a starlit tropical night. The complexion was clear to transparency, and usually tinged in cheeks and lips with a vivid scarlet. Now, however, they were ashen in their pallor. Her eyes of sombre dusk were orbs of glowing light, shaded by long dark lashes. The broad fair brow was framed by purplish black hair, which was gathered into a Grecian twist low at the back of her exquisitely shaped head. The face, perfect in detail, was pure and proud and impassioned. It could belong only to a woman who had met her sorrows with a deep, sunshiny nature; who was frank, hopeful, and resolute; who looked continually upon the bright side of life, and who was, withal, warm-hearted, tender, and impulsive. It was, in short, indicative of a grand and noble soul.

The colonel's keen eyes read all this and more in the frightened face and appealing eyes. Yet he did not move towards her, nor did the aternuess of his countenance relax.

His daughter took a step towards him, a cruel agitation convulsing her frame. Her arms dropped, and her hands were clasped together in a wild, prayerful fashion. Her supple figure drooped. It seemed as if she would have knelt before him.

"Father! oh, father!" she cried, in an anguished appeal. "Father, speak to me!"

That pleading cry went to the colonel's soul. He forgot his daughter's error, remembering that she was his child—his only child. His heart melted within him. He silently opened his arms, and, with a great gasping cry, Ignatia sprang forward and was folded to his breast.

For a little while there was silence between them, broken only by the girl's sobs and the soft caresses the colonel showered upon her head and face. Then he drew her to a sofa, still enfolding her in his arms.

"Father." whispered Ignatia, brokenly, "do you leave."

arms.
"Father," whispered Ignatia, brokenly, "do you know? Has Aunt Jacob told you—"
"I know all, my daughter," answered the colonel,

gently.

"You forgive me? You will not ease to love me?"
The father answered only by a soft caress. He realised that, however wayward his daughter might have been, she was essentially noble, truthful, and good, and that she was dearer to him than all the world heaides. Her terror and anguish aroused his world besides. Her terror and anguish aroused his tenderness and pity, and he had never in all her life loved her with such a yearning love as he folt for her in this moment when she lay trembling against his

Pn a Badd

of the formal man be ra

sa su wi th

ha in

iro wa ha dif str she

has ria ful Un in pat ma and ter. We the the lati

An

witted the The (cynsius

not

pip its to o

nes the plo of s

eve soli of i

the luti

"Annt Jacob has told me of your marriage, "Aunt Jacob has told me of your marriage, Ignatia," he said, after a long silence. "I will not reproach you, my child. No doubt your own reproaches have been terrible to bear. I will not upbraid you for keeping the matter a secret from me all these years. Your own heart and conscience must upbraid you sufficiently for that silence. But I have some questions to ask you. How long is time you heard from or saw Captain Holm?"

"Nearly three years, father," was the low, half-stifled reply. "I have not seen his since—since the child was three months old."

"Do you love him still?" asked the colonel.

A quick shudder convulsed the girl's figure. She made a gesture of loathing.

"Oh, no, no a gesture of loathing.
h, no, no!" she murmured, in a quick, passionate voice. "I thought him good and noble and true, and when I found I had worshipped an image of clay I loathed him. I can nover see him again! I would rather die than live with him as his wife."

"And this child is yours and his?"

"Yes, father; but she does not look like him. She is not like him in mind or character."

The colonel looked at the little creature. She had been all this while standing near the door, regarding been all this while standing near the door, regarding the scene with gravely questioning eyes and a somewhat anxious countenance. She was a mere speck of humanity, scarcely three years old, and looked like some dainty fairy, in her white robes and floating ribbons. She met the colonel's gaze frankly and fearlessly, with wide-open, steadfast eyes, very like the eyes of her young mother. She was lovely enough to serve as a painter's model for a child angel, and it was easy to see that she had inherited no taint of her profligate father's nature.

"What is your name, little one?" asked the colonel.

"Georgia Redruth," was the prompt answer. "I

named for my g'anfader."

The colonel's cheeks flushed. He held out one hand with a smile to the child, and she approached him slowly, but without exhibiting a particle of baby shyness. When he had throned his tiny baby shyness. When he had throned his tiny namesake upon his knee his daughter knew that she was indeed forgiven.

she presently raised her head from its resting-ace, and, holding her father's hand with tender place. place, and, holding her lather's hand with tender chinging, told him her story with tears and sobs and bitter emotion, but told it bravely and without shrinking. It differed little from the narrative Miss Redruth had already given her brother, but it was ampler, and permitted the father to see how much excuse there had been for Iguatia's yielding to her lover's persuasions to marry him. She had led a excuse there had been for Ignatia's yielding to her lover's persuasions to marry him. She had led a very lonely and desolate life. She had been full of ardent and romantic fancies, and had possessed one of those natures to which love is as essential as is sunshine to a growing plant. Her aunt, busied with her farm and many cares, and having a cold, hard nature, had no tenderness to bestow upon her. Her governess had not the wise, strong nature, necessary for the guidance of this noble young nature, easing in fact weak and silly, and had carefully fostered the qualities in her charge which suffering had since the qualities in her charge which suffering had since repressed. It seemed indeed, to the father, as he heard Ignatia rehearse her bitter experiences, that the girl had been "more sinned against than sinning." "I was so lonely, father," she pleaded, "and none seemed to care for me, and Digby professed to love

me, and-and-

me, and—and——"
"Say no more, Ignatia," interposed the colonel.
"I understand it all. I should have come home earlier. I should have remembered Jacob's peculiar nature. I should have remembered how hard and cold and desolate a life at Redrith Moor under my colon and the should have remembered how hard and cold and desolate a life at Redrith Moor under my sister's well-meant rule must be. Do you suppose," he added, "that Captain Holm knows now that you

are an heiress?"

"I am sure he does not," answered the deserted "I am sure he does not," answered the deserted young wife. "If he had known it he would have returned to me. He—he complained to me that he had thrown himself away in a fit of unreasoning love on the penniless daughter of a beggarly Indian officer. He knew that we belonged to the great Lincolnshire family of our name, but he supposed us to be a cadet branch, and quite out of the line of us to be a cadet branch, and quite out of the line of succession. He never dreamed that you were the next heir to poor Uncle Lionel. Indeed, I think he did not know Uncle Libnel was a childless widower. We never discussed my family until the day we parted.

You parted in a quarrel?"
Yes, father; but it was not a sudden outbreak Digby had been very quarrelsome almost from the first, because, as he said, he had thrown himself away, and was disgusted with himself and angry with me. He came home one day in a terrible humour from the town where, his regiment was stationed. We found afterwards that he had been detected, the evening before, in cheating at cards, and had that morning been ignominously kicked out of his mess, and that every officer in his regiment had cut him 'for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.' He was obliged to sell out his commission as soon as possible after that."

"He should have been turned out" said the

"He should have been turned out," said the colonel, sternly.
"He was full of rage, which he vented upon me in Aunt Jacob's presence. He cursed me for entrapping him into marriage, as he said. He cursed himself for falling in love with me, when he might have won an heiress. He said he hated me and the child, and that I should never see him again. He meant to abjure his country. I pleaded and protested, being afraid of him, and he would have struck me but for the interposition of Aunt Jacob."
"The dastardly villain!"
"At last he took his effects and mounted his horse, and rode towards Shaford at a furious pace. I have never seen him since. I do not know whether he is living or dead."
"Your young life shall not be blighted by this

he is living or dead."
"Your young life shall not be blighted by this scoundre!" cried the colonel. "The law shall free you from any claims he may choose to make upon you when he discovers that his deserted wife is really an heiress. That one false step of your early girthood shall not rain your whole existence. My first movement shall be to precure you a release from the villain. We will go to town to merrow."
"Oh there do were the step of your term."

from the villain. We will go to town to-merrow."

"Oh, father, do you suppose you can release me from him?" breathed Ignatia, a sudden colour sweeping into her cheeks, a sudden glowillumining

I am sure of it. And until you have obtained "I am sure or it. And until you have obtained a divorce from him we will not go to Redutth... Wher you appear at our amoestral-home you must be care free, and able to do oredit to our old name and race." "Will they lot me keep mychild?" asked Ignatia.

"Will use tremblingly.
"Of course, dear. Captain Holm is no fit guardian for a little child, even if he desired to assume the charge of her. You are her proper guardian, and I will be a father to her."

Ignatia pressed the colonel's hand to her lips.
"Dear father!" he said, softly. "My whole life shall try to show my love and gratitude to your. I have dreaded your coming, longing, to distributed wight, escape, your angers. But when I felt meet Heaven has given me a present the said to be the said have dreaded your coming, longing to distributed might escape your anger. But when I felt mest friendless and forlorn, Heaven has given me a protector and friend in him in whom I expected to find a merciless judge. Dear father, I do not know what. I shall try to repay your goodness tome. And I shall teach Georgia to love and reverence you above all others—as her shield and mine."

Before the colonel could reply—for he was deeply moved—the door opened, and Miss Redruth stalked into the room, grim and hard as aver, hut unmistake.

moved—tas door opened, and mins scentul stands into the room, grim and hard as ever, but unusistake-ably anxious and troubled. She had been waiting in an inner room for loud tones of donunciation and reproach, shricks and frightened crice, and, hearing none of these, had at last become alarmed and has-

tened to the scene.

tened to the scene.

A single glance set her mind at rest. The colonel held his little grandchild on his knee, and her tiny golden head reated contentedly in his bosom. His right hand was clasped in both his daughter's, and Ignatia was looking up at him with adoring, grateful .eyes.

"As you have forgiven Ignatis, I trust you have forgiven me for my lax guardianship of her, George," said Miss Redruth, advancing to her chair. "All is forgiven and forgotten," said the colonel, cheerfully. "We will do what we can to right the

cheerfully. "We will do what we can be right wrong that has been done. Ignatia and the child will start for London with me by the morning train.

Will you go with us?"
"I cannot leave the farm," said Miss Redruth, shaking her head. "But why do you not go direct to Redruth? I should think you would want to look after your estates and rent-roll."
"I can do that later," said the colonel, calmly, "My first care must be Ignatis, I will not take her to Redruth while that scoundred has the shadow of a claim upon her. Her past shall be sealed, as far, as can be, from the gossips of the neighbourhood before she takes her place as mistress of Redruth Wold."

That is well," declared Miss Jacob, who had no ill share of family pride. "You will live in your "That is well," declared Miss Jacob, who had no-small share of family pride. "You will live in your-town house, I suppose, until the decree of divorce is granted. Then you will go to Redruth in state, with-out the shadow of a fetter upon Ignatia. You are right, George, although the country is pleasanter than town at this season, especially as on Lionel's account, and on Ignatia's also, you cannot go into society."

icty."
Colonel Redruth smiled. He had little heart for

society at present.

A few minutes later the dinner bell rang. A nurse appeared who conveyed Miss Georgia away, to her nursery, and Colonel Bedruth gave an arm each to his sister and daughter, and conducted them out to the long, low dining-room, with its mullioned windows and quaint and cosy appearance.

After dinner tha three returned to the drawing-

After dinner the three returned to the drawing-room, where the evening was passed pleasantly and without restraint. No farther allusion was made, to Captain Holm, and Colonel Redruth told stories of his Indian life, charming his hearers into forget-

fulness of Ignatia's profligate husband. He

fulness of Ignatia's profligate husband. He narrated various adventures among the Indian hills, told of life in Calcutta, and described the bungalow in which he had dwelt "in the hill country."

When Ignatia Holm laid her head upon her pillow late that night and gathered her little child to her bosom her heart was lighter than it had been for years. A great shadow seemed removed from her best times the same of the same of

"It seems almost as if I should know real heart happiness again," she murmured. "Oh, to be free nappiness again," she murmured. "Oh, to be free from the haunting fear of Digby's return! Oh, to feel that I may love my child, without the swful drad of her being wrested from me! Oh, to live without the constant terror of being claimed by that bad man as his wife! If it might be! if it only might be!"

But when she slept a brooding terror settled down upon her fettered senses; and after she awakened the next morning the shadow of her dreams haunted her like a premonities of coming

Yet she carried a cheerful face down to the breakfast room, and met her father with a joyous smile.

At about two o'clock in the afternoon the famile carriage was driven to the door, and Colonel Red carriage was driven to the door, and Colonel Red-ruth, Ignatia, the little Georgies, and a woman who combined the duties of lady's-maid and child's nurse, took their leave of Miss Redruth, entered the vehicle, and drove away from the Moor, where so many years of Ignatia's life had been passed.

many years of Ignatia's life had been passed.

It was not yet five o'clock when they arrived at Sleaford. They were obliged to wait nearly an hour for the mail down train, but were finally seated in a first-class compartment by themselves and speeding swiftly to the southward.

Ignatia was dressed in deep mourning for the uncle, whose death had made her father a man of wealth, residen and they were a short.

uncie whose death had influence, and she were a hort black crape veil, which, when let fall over her face, completely concealed her features. She put back her veil and looked out of the window as the train sped on, feeling for the first time for years a sense of freedom.

e gray dusk was falling when they steamed the station at Huntingdon. Little Georgia lay upon the enshions asleep, a very picture of dimple baby leveliness. Colonel Redruth looked curious upon the cultures. Colonel Redrath looked curiously out upon the busy, bustling platform, which presented a spectacle new to his eyes so long accustomed to Indian scenes, and Ignatia longed opposite to him in a dreamy attitude, her face presed close against the glass and half-veiled by the our

But suddenly, as two young men dame sauntering along the platform, and the voice of one of them, speaking in a loud, supercitious tone, reached her ears, she started wildly, looking acound her as if about to flee, a long cry of terror issuing from her

One of the young men approached the door of the carriage occupied by Colonal Radruth's family, and looked in. A guard came forward and addressed the young men received a small fee, and unhered them into the ware carriage occupied by the returned

into the very carriage occupied by the return

soldier.

Ignatia hurriedly drew her veil over her face, and sank back; upon ther seat trembling and panisstricken. Colonal Redrath noticed that she seemed to cover in the shadows of her corner.

The next instant the train was once I

The next instant the train was once more on its awift way to the southward.

Colonel Redruth, impelled by curiosity, or possibly instinct, looked at the intruders closely. One of them was an ordinary-looking young man in military uniform, with a loud laugh and pompous manners.

The colonel did not bestow upon him a second

giance.

His companion was a slender, Apollo-like young fellow, tall, graceful, and with a dashing, spirited air. His manner was a strange compound of grace, insolence, and gentlemanlineas. He was of florid complexion, his face rather thin, his forchead high, his paracile of a blush was considered. his eyes of a blueish gray, capa his eyes of a duesa gray, capacity of a strange power of attraction and fascination. His eyes reminded the colonel, oddly enough, of the eyes of an indian serpent, just so bright and darshing and intent, that pent, just so bright and dazzli

had once sought to charm mm.

"That man looks like an angel!" thought the colonel. "I believe he is at hearts devil! He is just the sort of man to win women's hearts and break them! He is as beautiful as a serpont—and

deadly!

as deadly!

He withdrew his gaze slowly. At the same instant Ignatia bent towards him, clutching his area with a nervous-energy, and her voice, in a low, gasping whisper, breathed into his sare.

"That is he—my husband!"

(To be continued.)

GOVERNMENT NON-RECOGNITION OF MERIT Mr. Reed, whom our government treated so badly, and who left the Admiralty in consequence, has been engaged by the German government. They are not bad judges, we are told, of what they want. The nation ought to ask how it is that at such a moment, when the sole dependence of the country is upon our navy for protection, we lose such a man through official stapidity. It is no use answering that Mr. Reed was not a valuable servant, for the lie is given by his engagement with Germany, and by offers having been made to him by four other nations.

SCIENCE.

DETECTING ABTIFICIALLY COLOURED WINES.—
Dr. Phipson proposes the spectroscope for this purpose. He asserts that naturally coloured wises give no definite absorption bands, but only a very general absorption, greatest towards the violet; whereas Brazil wood and so on produce very distinct absorption bands. He adds water if the wine is too dark. The least sign of an absorption band he deems suspicious. This method may prove of great value.

deems suspicious. This method may prove of great value.

A New Floating Dock.—A Pole, named Janicki, who was one of the engineers employed on the works of the Suss Canal, and was afterwards engaged by the Risakan Government to draw up plans for a fortifish habour in the Black See, has just made an important discovery, which is anoth talked of in mercantile sincle in St. Pétersburg. It consists of a new kind of floating dock, with a single bottom, and provided with compartments into which air may be pumped when necessary. If the dock is to be immured, the air is let out when it has to be raised, the air is pumped in again; forcing nut the water and raising both the dock and the ship in it.

Erser of Colle on Thor.—Mr. John Towle says. "When I have broken iron for the foundry, such a sold stores, plaught, and the like, it breaks with lighter blows in the winter, when this of frost, than in the summer, when it has been heated in the sum. In straightening the reviewing full of frost; than in the summer they will straighten easily, and not even cracke. This of foots are evidently proofs that iron and steel are more brittle in frosty than in warm weather." Mr. Towle's facts show the behaviour of iron, under precusaive force, to be widely different in extrems temperatures. But its tensile strength, under strady pressure, has recently been shown by experiment to increase when the iron is cold.

Cooling Railway Carriages.—An apparatus has been invented in India for cooling railway carriages. It appears to have proved entirely succeasful on trial in an experimental trip from Lahore to Unritsur. Outside the carriage the heat was 90 deg. in the shade. In the carriage fitted with Saunders's in the shade. In the carriage fitted with Saunders's patent it varied from 66 to 82. The natural exclusionation of the reader will be "What a blessing!" and "When shall we have Saunders's patent on the Italian and Egyptian lines, and on the railway—so terrible in summer—between Lyons and Marseilles!" We are informed, however, that the Bombay railway officials do not at all favour the plan. It makes the carriages too cool! Perhaps they dread that, as their carriages would by such means be rendered the most delightful spots in all India, all the population would proceed to take possession of them, and decline to leave them at the close of their journey. arnev.

and decline to leave them at the close of their journey.

ELECTRO-PLATING INSIDE OF LEAD PIPES.—By the invention of Mr. H. E. Towle to coat or line a long length of lead pipe with silver, the pipe is first made straight, or nearly so, and placed on a table inclined at an angle of about 20 degrace or more. An anode of poculiar construction is next inserted within the pipes at the lower end; the negative pole of a galvanic battery is attached to the pipe, and the positive pole to the interior anode of silver. The pipe is next filled with a solution of silver (cyanide of silver in a solution of opanide of potassium, for example) at the lower end, so that it will not quite reach to the upper end of the anode; the anode is then slowly drawn forward and the lead pipe is occasionally jarred or rolled over to bring its sides alternately uppermost. The time required to complete the coating desired, the electrical force of the battery, and the character of the solution employed. The anode of silver to be adjusted is made of silver, and consists of a rod of motal (or a tube) insulated by washers of india-rubber, gutta-percha, glass, porcelain, or other suitable material, so as to keep the metal ingot at about equal distances in every part from the lead pipe. In using expensive solutions, it is preferred to attach to the lower end of the anode or ingot an india-rubber hollow cone, filled with dry sponge, which when dipped in water expands and forces the sides of the rubber against of the anode or ingot an india-rapper nonlow con-filled with dry sponge, which when dipped in water expands and forces the sides of the rubber against the pipe, sufficiently tight to prevent any of the so-lution from leaking past it as it is carried forward with the anode. A copper wire, insulated with gutta-

percha or otherwise, is attached to this ingot or anode, for the double purpose of conveying the elec-trical current and moving the anode within the bore of the pipe.

COMBUSTION OF OXYGEN AND HYDROGEN.

of the pipe.

COMBUSTION OF OXYGEN AND HYDROGEN.

An interesting experiment to show the combustion of oxygen in hydrogen, and of hydrogen in oxygen, has been published by Professor Thomsen. A pair of marrow platinum tubes, about §in. long, but only a millimetre in diameter, are constructed of thin platinum foil, and by means of heat are fixed into a pair of small glass tubes. These are to be used as the burners of the two gases, hydrogen and oxygen. The glass tubes are then passed through openings about §in. apart in an india-rubber stopper, and the end of one tube is connected with the oxygen, the other with the hydrogen reservoir. After the cocks of the reservoirs are proportionately opened the hydrogen is ignited. The stopper with its two burners is then inserted into a glass tube, from 4 to 6in. long, with its upper end considerably contracted, but still left open. The hydrogen now burns in oxygen, the melting of the orifice of the glass tube being prevented by the platinum burner. If, now, the oxygen be slowly turned off, and the supply diminished, the point is soon reached at which the quantity becomes insufficient to support the combustion of the hydrogen; the hydrogen flame expands, disappears for some moments, then respects at the oxygen burner, and now without any interruption the oxygen burner, and now withdraws itself to the hydrogen burner, and again hydrogen burners in oxygen. The phenomenon can be repeated as efficients as desired without extinguishing the flame, provided that the increase or diminution of the treum of oxygen is not made too suddenly, while the axygen substraing an oxoese of hydrogen issues from the orifice of the large tube and can be ignited there, to that the icombustion of hydrogen is much stone the increase or diminution of the treum of oxygen is not made too suddenly, while the axygen is burning an oxoese of hydrogen issues from the orifice of the large tube and can be ignited there, to that the icombustion of hydrogen is much stone in the air and of exygen in the hydrogen

PORMATION OF GOLD NUGGETS.

Mis Ci Witarnson announced lately to the oral Science of Witterlands and then placed in solution of its chloride undergoing decomposition contact with organic matter, determines the deby consider with organic matter, determines the deposit of much or all the liberated gold upon itself. This fact, first observed by Mr. Daintree, he assumes as accounting for the formation of nuggets. Mr C. Wilkinson also found that copper, iron, and arsenical pyrites, galena, zinc blende, stibmite, wolfram, and molybdenite, also act as nuclei for gold thus reduced, but that brown iron ore and quantz do not. These results have been verified by a critical inquiry conducted by Mr. C. Newberry, analyst to the Geological Survey of New Zealand, has communicated to the Wellington

New Zealand, has communicated to the Wellington Philosophical Society a number of experiments on the same subject. He climinated the cases of wolthe same sucject. In enumerate the cases of wolfram, etc., as being due to the presence of soluble prote-saits of iron, etc., and therefore had only to investigate the metallic sulphides and arsenides. On pursuing the subject, to his supprise he found that cubes of galena were perfectly gilt when placed in solutions of gold, without the interrention of any organic mather whatever. This direct reof any organic matter whatever. This direct re-duction he has also effected by proto and bisulphides of iron, sulphides of copper, the sulphides of sine, tin, molybdenum, lead, mercury, silver, antimony, bismuth, arsenic, platinum, and gold, and among the arsenides, mispickel and arsenide of silver While allowing, therefore, that organic matter has had a share in the reduction of gold, he thinks that man a state in the reduction or gold, he timing that by far the greater portion of our gold and silver de-posits, especially those situated in the desper sented rooks and lodges removed from carboniferous strata, have been wholly due to the deoxidising effects of pyritous mineral

"WARM" and "cold" are merely comparative terms; a thing may properly be called "warm" under some circumstances which under others would be regarded as cold. Weather which in winter would be regarded as warm would in spring be conwould be regarded as warm would in spring be considered cold; and, if we depended upon our sensations alone, it would be impossible for us to state correctly the real facts in such cases. Indeed, our senses are exceedingly apt to deceive us, as is shown by the common experiment of putting one hand in cold water and the other in that which is hot, and offers about time present a result in the common experiment. after a short time placing both in the same vessel, which should be filled with topid water. The hand that was in cold water will now feel warm, and the hand that was in warm water will fell cold; showing

hand that was in warm water will fell cold; showing that under some circumstances our senses are anything but trustworthy guides.

It is only within comparatively recent times that methods have been devised whereby measures of temperature can be referred to fixed standards. It was an ingenious, though, of course, an obvious suggestion to employ for this purpose the relative amounts of expansion produced by different degrees

of heat; but it required great skill and profound thought to mature a plan whereby the observations of different investigators could be compared with thought to mature a plan whereby the observations of different investigators could be compared with each other, so as to preserve a record of the actual temperature existing at any given time. The earliest instruments used for indicating changes of temperature were not thermometers, but mere thermoscopes, or instruments for indicating such changes without measuring them accurately or affording data for recording them. Such were the instruments of Amontons and Sanctorius, which consisted of a glass tube, at the end of which was a bulb filled with air. The tube was partly filled with coloured liquid, and as the air expanded and contracted in the bulb the liquid moved in the tube. It will be easily sen, however, that such an instrument would not be affected by heat only. As the atmospheric pressure varied, the air in the bulb would be enlarged and drapanded, just as it would be by variations in temperature, and thus we should be liable to attribute its rise and fall to the wrong cause. It was not, therefore, until about one hundred and seventy years ago, when Fahrenheit suggested the use of merency, that a really reliable thermometer was produced.

The principle upon which the mercurial thermo-

The principle upon which the mercurial thermo-meter depends for its action is, that mercury expands in a faster ratio than a glass bulb containing its and, consequently, if we have a bulb with a fine tube attached, and fill the bulb with mercury at a tem-perature equal to the freezing-point of water, if this mercury be heated to the boiling point of water it will expand so much more than the glass bulb that one sixty-third part of it will be forced into the

tube.

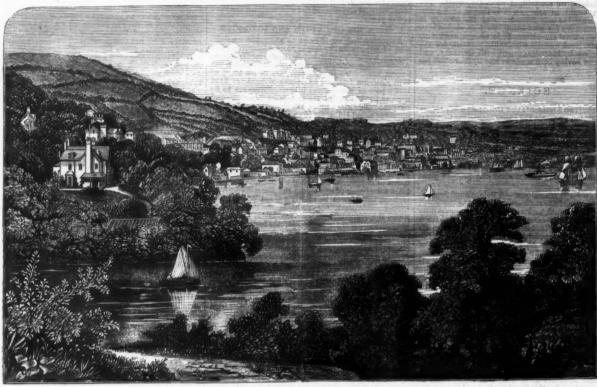
The process by which thermometers are made is as follows: The workman takes a quantity of glass tubing with a very fine bore—the tube being generally flat, so that it may show a broader band or ribbon of mercury than if it were round; and in order to still farther increase the case of seeing it the tube in frequently made with a band of coloured glass behind the hole or bore; the thread of muccury of course shows very distinctly against the coloured glass. This tubing is cut up into pieces of lengths suitable for making aix inoh, ten inch; or twelve-inch thermometers. The next step is to blow the bulbs on the ends of these pieces of tube. Now, it will be readily seen that, as mercury expands a cerbulbs on the ends of these pieces of tube. Now, it will be readily seen that, as mercury expands a certain definite proportion of its bulk when heated between 32 degrees and 212 degrees (one sixty-third as just stated), the size of the bulbs must be accurately proportioned to the bore and length of the tube, or the thermometer would not be good for anything. Thus, if there were blown on a tube six inches long a bulb so large that one five-hundredth of its content would fill the tube, the theoremeter would Thus, it there were that one five-hundredth of its contents would fill the tube, the thermometer made from it could not be made to show a range of over 25 degrees. To get the bulb proportioned to the made to show a range of over 25 degrees. accomplish it, the tubes are first assorted into dif-ferent sizes, the workman examining them by means

ferent sizes, the workman examining them by means of a lens or microscope.

After this the bulbs are blown to certain gauges, and in this way is accured a degree of accuracy which is sufficient for most practical purposes. The process of blowing the bulbs is a very simple one, but it is necessary to take great care that no moisture or dirt should get into the tube. To guard against any accident of this kind, the following plan is adopted: A small indisarubber bag is attached to one end of the tube, and the other end is melted and one end of the tube, and the other end is melted and rendered quite soft by means of a lamp and blowpipe. A very slight pressure on the bag forces through the tube an amount of air sufficient to expand the semi-liquid glass into a hollow bulb, the size of which is regulated by the gauges formerly

mentioned.

The next step is to fill the bulb and tube with mercury. At first sight, it would seem to be a very difficult problem to pour the mercury through such a fine tube, but by the following device the operation is easily performed: A strip of writing-paper is rolled round the open end of the tube, and firmly tied so as to form a sort of tubular funnel. This funnel is then filled with well-boiled mercury, and the glass bulb is warmed so as to expel some of the air that it contiles. As soon as it cools, the air within it contracts, and the pressure of the outer air forces some of the mercury into the bulb. This mercury is now caused to buil vigorously, so that its vapour shall expel all the air; and when this has taken place the whole is allowed to cool. Of course, as soon as the vapour of mercury which fills the bulb has condensed, a vacuum will exist in the bulb, and the mercury in the funnel will be forced in so as to completely fill it. The paper funnel is now removed, and the end of the tube drawn out to a fine point, so that it may be readily closed by the blow-pipe while full of mercury, as in this way slene can it be sealed and the air excluded. The next step is to adjust the quantity of mercury contained in the tube so that the end of the column will fall in the right place; after which, the thermometer must be properly graduated. The next step is to fill the bulb and tube with mer-



[THE MOUTH OF THE "ENGLISH RHINE."]

WESTERN WATERING-PLACES. DARTMOUTH.

Ever charming, ever new, When will the landscape tire the view? John Dyer

When will the landscape tire the view?

"GRONGR HILL" supplies us with a quotation which aptly describes the sensations of the tourist while in the vicinity of Dartmouth. Indeed, the Eden-like county of Devonshire is throughout so replete with the interesting, the beautiful, and the romantic that it is difficult to make a selection of special beauty, each and every portion possessing its peculiar charm—so attractive in their varied aspects that one cannot help entertaining surprise at the number of persons who seem to think that Continental travel reveals to the best advantage the beauties of nature—leaving unvisited and comparatively unheeded the scenes of incomparable loveliness and even grandeur to be found in

This sceptred isle,

en grandeur to be found in

This sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress built by nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;

" his little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a most defensive to a house,
Against the enry of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm,
this England.

The enchanting Dart has been appropriately termed the "English Rhine," on account of possessing characteristics somewhat similar to the "castled river." Although navigable only as far as Totnes, its banks disclose such a wealth of mag-

as Totnes, its banks disclose such a wealth of magnificent views that will well repay the numerous visitors who will doubtless be attracted towards it now that increased and increasing facilities for cheap travelling place it within the reach of most of us.

An enthusiastic Devonian, with the object of rendering his native county better known to his countrymen, has recently contributed some interesting sketches to a contemporary, in one of which he remarks, referring to a trip down the river from Totnes:

"Beautiful exceedingly are the river and the wooded slopes on either side, with mansions crownwooded slopes on either side, with mansions crowning the breezy heights, and here and there a village peeping out amidst dasky trees. We passed Cockle's Head, where lively lads were bathing; by Sharpham, where the woodlands seem to lock each other in close embrace, concealing for awhile the rippling river; by Bow Creek (an inlet of two miles in extent), and by bays that seem to lead to unknown seas, or to some undiscovered haloyon retreat, where

[THE MOUTH OF THE "ENGLISH RHINE."]

the world's noise never penetrates, where its glitter is never seen, and its hollowness and hypocrisies are never experienced. * * * Fain would I go, far away for awhile from the world, to yon dim region of peace and reality that seems, to my imagination at least, to lie beyond the wide waters of its beautiful bays. * * We steam on and on—by woodlands, sloping down to the river's edge, and laving their branches in the cooling stream. Happy birds come to drink of its waters from their sequestered homes, built yonder amidst dark masses of foliage, where breezes softly whisper, like angels of peace and love and melody. * * On we go by Stoke Gabriel, by Dittisham—famous for plums and plucky women—by Sandridge and Greenway, where Sir Walter Raleigh is said to have smoked his first cigar; and, saluting the Britannia' training-ship, enter the old town of Dartmouth."

Our admiration of this picturesque stream which shares and bestows so much beauty is, however, somewhat checked by the knowledge of its sad liability to frequent and sudden cruptions of large bodies of water, which come down from the moor in floods of such irresistible volume and rapidity that fatal results have often accurate to those who in fare

floods of such irresistible volume and rapidity that moods of such irresistible volume and rapidity that fatal results have often accrued to those who infan-oied security have been fording the river at the time. Indeed, we are informed that "scarcely a year passes without some person being suddenly carried away and drowned"—a circumstance which has given rise to the familiar couplet

River of Dart, oh, river of Every year thou claimest s

Referring to the melancholy interest attaching to the ford by which people cross from Dartington Woods to the Staverton side, the authority from

which we have previously quoted narrates that—
"Long ago, on a fine Sunday evening in summer time, a young woman was being driven by a man in a cart from her home at Staverton to her place of business at Totnes. The water was unusually low, and the river so easy to ford that a man had actually walked across it a few minutes previously. There had been, however, as it afterwards appeared, a storm on the moor, and ere the cart containing the storm on the moor, and ere the cart containing the man and young woman had reached the other side a sereaming, ominous sound like a 'cry' was heard. The driver saw the advancing wall of water marching majestically onward like an irresistible host of armed men. He tried to get out of the way, which, from his proximity to the bank, appeared to be a task of nogreat difficulty; but, by some fatality, the horse went the wrong way, and before the other side could be reached the flood, like the Spirit of Destruction, swept over the hapless maiden and her companion, and they were carried away by the raging waters.

The body of the poor girl was found in some bushes

on the following morning, and the corpse of the driver was discovered near Totnes weir."

Antiquarians tell us that the river Dart was originally known as the Darius of the Romans and the Darent of the Saxons. It takes its rise at the foot of Dartmoor hills in two heads called respectively the East and West Dart, which unite at Dart. Meet, between Ashburton and Tavistock, and from the rapidity of the course of this most beautiful of Devonshire streams over a number of steep descents.

Devonshire in the course of this most heautiful of Devonshire streams over a number of steep descents its name is derived.

The old town of Dartmonth has maintained its share in the prominence occupied by the county of Devonshire in the history of England. Our Devonshire chronicler says

L M in

"Well may it be called 'old,' for does not every feature of it denote antiquity—its streets, its houses, its castle, and its churches? It is said that at the time the poet Chaucer flourished Dartmouth could boast of her sons possessing so many ships that it was reported of one Merchant Hawley—

"Blow the wind high, or blow it low,
 It bloweth fair to Hawley's hoe.

* The Crusaders' fleet, or rather a portion thereof, under Court de Lion, assembled in the magnificent harbour (which is said to be capable of holding safely five hundred vessels) in 1190. When off Start Point, the Crusaders' ships were nearly destroyed by a storm. In 1377 the French set the old town on fire and destroyed it. Dartmouth rejoteed in men of pluck then as now, and nearly destroyed by a storm. In 1377 the French set the old town on fire and destroyed it. Dartmouth rejoiced in men of pluck then as now, and accordingly they joined with the men of Plymouth in ravaging the French coasts and burning and sinking forty of their ships. In 1404 our revengeful neighbours again paid a visit to the town, but this time they were repulsed with great loss. Sir Humphry Gilbert, Davis, and other bold navigators were born here, and in the neighbourhood Newcomin, an ironmonger, lived. He it was who first employed steam to drain the Cornish mines. He also effected several great improvements in the steam-engine, which prepared the way for the great discovery of Watt."

Space will not permit a description of the numerous spots of interest comprised in the vicinity of Scene presented to the eye, the traveller through this portion of Devonshire may realise that

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communical with her visible forms she speaks
A various language.

THE tongue of youth and health speaking friendly sounds to the ear of sickness and age, must be the last, the brightest, the sweetest of all things which can smooth the soul's passage to eternity.



THE MYSTERY OF THE MOAT.

CHAPTER XIII. A generous friendship no cold medium know. Burns with one love, with one resentment glo

THERE was indeed "much to tell" between those

the was indeed "much to tell" between those two friends, so long separated, and so strangely brought together again.

Madame Laroche related her own story, with many lears. She had been engaged as child's nurse by Lady Alice herself when the little Marian was born. She gave her that name still, in spite of her exalted rank

"For she was never as the countess to me, dear little one," she explained to the listening Marian. "She was so young, so gentle, and so sorrowful, that I forgot her rank, and tried to soothe and comfort her

Just as if she had been a sister of my own. I think and speak of her as Lady Alice still."

"Where was she living when you first met her, Lucille? I may call you Lucille, may I not?" asked Marian, taking the hand of the kindly Frenchwoman in her own.

Ah, by what other name could I wish to be "Ah, by what other name could I wish to be known to you, my pet? It was the first name that you ever learned to speak. Where did I meet my lady first? In a little village near Amiens, where I was born. My parents were both dead, and I lived there with an eart." there with an aunt.

Was my father there too?" asked Marian, hesi-

tatingly,
Lucille shook her head and shrugged her shoul-

Ah, my lord was very cruel to that sweet, dear lady! He must have repented of it, long ere this, if he has a heart within him. No, he was not there. He he has a heart within him. No, he was not there. He had separated from her-quietly, you understandbut it was for life. Ah, how she suffered! How she loved him! The picture of him, handsome and haughty as a king, hung ever beside her bed; and when she died she charged me to lay it on her breast, and it was buried with her. And he to think that she had wronged him! Little one, from the time that we left France, and returned to her native England, her whole life was one long prayer for him. When my child is eight years old, take her to Dame. Bateman for me, and at sixteen let her see her father's face, was over her cry when she lay dying. 'Oh, he face, was ever her ery when she lay dying. 'Oh, he will love her—he will be proud of her—and he will forgive me then!' she would say, through her tears. Ange! that she was! Ah, it was hard, very hard, for me not to hate my lord in those days! But her life, was only blessing and forgiveness, to the very end!" [FOR THE OPERA.]

"Did she send him no message-leave him no let- | ter—when she was dying?"
"He was far away then, and he had sworn when

"He was far away then, and he had sworn when he left her never to return—while she lived—never to look upon her face again! But for your sake he put no open shame upon her. He left her here in London, in a grand house, with servants, and carriages, and horses, and jewels, and all that a countess ought, by right, to enjoy. She gave them all up when he refused to share them. She came to France as a plain English lady, and till after you were born I did not know her rank. Then, when she saw how I loved and pitied her, she told me all. We were living then in an humble cottage in the New Forsk. living then in an humble cottage in the New Forest, with only an old man and woman to wait upon us and you, who ought to have had many a servant around your cradle, were reared as simply as a pea-sant's child. It was her wish, and who could gainant's child. It was her wish, and who could gainsay it? But at your eighth year she desired a change
to be made. With her own dying hands she paid
my wages till then, and gave me a handsome present
in money besides, together with her wardrobe.
Then, when she had arranged all things and left
money in my charge for your own wants, she told me
that Dame Bateman knew all the rest—and that my
lord's solicitor would make the arrangements for
your comfort and welfare there. She seemed to think
no more of the things of this earth from that day.

your comfort and welfare there. She seemed to think no more of the things of this earth from that day. She died calmly, holding you in her arms, and praying that your life might be happier than hers."

There was a long silence. When Marian's sobs ceased Lucille went on with her story.

"At eight years old I left you in charge of the dame. Then I went back to France. My annt was dead, and had left her savings to me. I was sad. I came back to London, and whilst I looked to engage for myself a place I stopped here in this house. The former Madame Larcoche was decased, and monaicur was overhad lett her savings to me. I was sau. I came uses to London, and whilst I looked to engage for myself a place I stopped here in this house. The former Madame Laroche was deceased, and monsieur was overwhelmed with the business. He was pleased with me; finally he asked me to stay here always as his wife. It was a good offer. I loved him and liked the business well. So my savings were invested in the house, and we were doing well—very well indeed—when monsieur fell ill and died. Alas! it is but a year ago, but to me it seems a century! He was a kind, good man, and this was a pleasant home while he was here. But I will not make you sad with my own griefs, dear little one," she observed, more briskly. "Recount to me, now, all that has passed. Tell me how it is that the good dame has never taken you to my lord. The sixteenth year has passed, as I kgow well. I kept a faithful record of the age. Tell me why you are not with him. I know that he is in London now. The plain gold ring—what does that mean? My dear pet, you will tell Lucilleall?

"Everything!" said Marian, impulsively.

Leaning her head upon the shoulder of her friend, she told the story of her adventures from the beginning to the end.

Lucille listened in astonishment, which deepened

Lucille listened in astonishment, which deepened into absolute horror as the tale drew to a close.

"This wicked man!" she gasped as Marian ceased to speak, "How dared he entrap you into that marriage which he knew to be of no avail!" "Oh, you mistake him! He is not bad!" pleaded Marian. "He is lonely and sad, and Mrs. Caryl says that in his heart he meant no wrong—that he believed his first marriage invalid through these circumstances, and called our own the true one. Notwithstanding and called our own the true one. Notwithstanding his deception I love him still—he is very, very dear to me!"

"Then pray by night and by day that such a love may be rooted from your heart, even if the heart itself must be broken," said the Frenchwoman, gravely. "Think only that he is a married man—the legal property of another woman, whem you are wronging most cruelly by every thought and hope of yours that turns towards him. In time you will learn to forget."

"You do not quite understand me, my dear Lucille. I could do this easily if I felt that it was my day. But—I cannot explain the feeling, yet it is here, in my secret heart. I cannot, cannot feel that he is as guilty as you say! Something seems to whisper for me that a strange mistake is being made, and that from this ordeal he will emerge triumphantly, the

me that a strange mistage is being made, and that from this ordeal he will emerge triumphantly, the same good, noble man that, in spite of all this, I cannot help believing him to be."

"That something is the prompting of the tempter—Satan," said Madame Laroche, gravely.

The girl started, and looked at her in wondering

reproof.
"Yes, my dear, I must speak very plainly, I see
for you are in the greatest danger—you love this man,"
Marian's cheeks crimsoned, and her eyes drooped.

"In spite of the great difference in your ages, in spite of all that he has said and done, you love him. And this love—this infatuation, for it is nothing else—is only a device of that evil spirit who is continually —is only a device of that evil spirit who is continually on the watch to entrap humanity. My dear child, go you to your room, for you should think of this thing in solitude, as a matter between yourself and Heaven. You are in fearful peril, my child. And the worst feature of the danger is that you see it not."

Marian rose, and swept haughtily from the room. The dark eyes of the Frenchwoman followed her with a fond, pained look.

"How like she is to the picture of my lord, that "How like she is to the picture of my lord, that lies on yonder poor, faithful heart in the forest grove! Oh! if she loves as her mother loved, what trouble is in store for us all! I have offended her now, and she may hate me in the end. But still I must do my duty by her. Ay, and my lord must do his!" she added, rousing herself from the reverie into which she was falling. "It is not fit or proper that Lady Marian should remain longer without a father's care! I will go to my lord at once. He can but refuse to hear me go to my lord at once. He can but refuse to hear me and turn me from his door."

But her mission was fruitless. On arriving at the earl's house she was informed that he was out of

CHAPTER XIV.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen.

The saddest are these—" It might have been."

Maud Muller.

Manian's anger could not last long. Generous and ardent by nature, it was impossible for her to cherish resentment against any one, and above all against Lucille, whose whole life had been full of love and against against. and care for her.

She came down very early the next morning, and sought Madama Lareche in the own rooms. Flug-ing herself into the arms already outstratched for re-

ing herself into the arms already outstatched to receive her, she sobbed out his prayer for pardoin!

"Let us never speak of that—of him—again, dear Lucille," she said, coaxingly, when their reconcilisation was complete. "My reason tells me that you are in the right, yet all the while my heart crice out that you are wrong. I shall forget it all in time, no doubt; but for the presentationals me very very sad to hear his name, and to though the very one will blame him—and blame meals if I dare to speak in his defence. Dear Laddle, promise me that we shall talk of it to more." all talk of it no more."

Shall talk of it no more.

Madame Laroche agreed to this preposition as was, perhaps, the best and white for his to do.

Jeanette had her instructions, and silving foll between them all, and however often a thought of Sir Stephen Powis may have grieved and troubled one faithful

he art, his name was mentioned to more. Still anxious to secure an interview with the Earl of Marisvayle, Madame Laroche regularly consulted the daily newspapers; and at length her patience was rewarded by seeing an announcement of the arrival of the Earl of Mariavayle from Venice with two wellknown operatic singers in his train.

Madame waited just two days after reading this telligence. On the evening of the third she set off, intelligence. On the evening determined to find the earl.

A private cab was driven rapidly away from the house just as her own approached it. Leaning forward from the window, she caught a glimpse of a haughty, aristocratic face, littap with a pair of flashing dark gray eyes, that rested upon her for one brief instant with an imperious glance that

she remembered only to well.

"It is my lord!" she exclaimed, breathlessly.

But it was too late to address him, and the cab

But it was to late to address him, and the cab went dashing on its way. Up the broad stone steps she went, a little dis-appointed, it is true, but still resolutely bent upou the accomplishment of her purpose. The servant re-cognised her the moment he opened the dobr.

"The earl has returned. But he is not at home at present," he said, civilly.

"I know. I saw him just now, driving away.
But tell me, if you please, will he be at the opera

this evening?' As she asked the question she slipped a sovereign

into the servant's hand. It purchased a ready an

awer.
"Yes, the earl will be there, madame. Two of the great singers came over with him, and they make their appearance for the first time before an English audience this night. My lord is sure to be

"Which is his box ?" Stepping back into the hall, he conferred for a moment with a fellow-servant. Then, coming out, he

gave her the number of the box.

Madame, after thanking him courteously, drove to the box-office of the opera house. There she secured a box directly opposite that to be occupied by

the earl. Then she drove to a fashionable milliner and dressmaker's shop, whence she emerged twenty minutes later with a large parcel and a very small box. Then

Lady Marian sat quietly reading a new novel in her boudoir, with Jeanette sewing near-the win-dow. Madame burst in upon them suddenly, her cheeks flushed, and her black eyes glittering with excitement.

"Ah! throw the book aside, dear-little one, and come with me," she said, eagerly: "Jeanette, attend us. We go to the opera to-night, my pet. Come, that I may preside over your toilette."

Lady Marian flung aside her book, and hurried to her dressing-room. There, with the help of madame and Jeanette, she stood, half an hour later, the fairest vision that a painter's eye or

hour later, the fairest vision that a painter's eye or poet's heart could wish to gaze upon. Her dress was of plain white silk, the heavy folds of which swept the floor in a graceful train that gave her slight and stately figure an added height. Folds of rich lace shaded the snowy neck and counded arms, and a necklace and bracelets of pearls, with sapphire classes, were taken from the casket of madame's dress the country of the country later.

classe, were taken from the casket of madame's dressing-case to finish the toilette, elegant in its simplicity, and perfectly suited to the girlish style of beauty that it adorned. The wavy chestnut hair was left to float in luxuriant masses at its own free will; and ever the uncovered shoulders madame throw an opera-cloak of white cashmere lined with blue satin, while Jennette brought the white gloves and the fan and the shudkerchief from their case of sandalwood, her bright eyes dancing with delight the while at the appearance of her young mistrees.

They drove very early to the opera house, and to the astonitished of Lady Marian, the carriage stopped at this stage-door, instead of at the grand entrance, where a few people were already assembled.

Madame, in this plasmod slighting sent a messenger in through the stage-door entrance with a note in his hand.

Some ten ministes elapsed. Then the me Some ten ministres ets paren. I nen tue hussanger re-turned, and behind him came a middle-aged gentleman dressed in black; with a white walsteat and a heavy black board. He looked like a foreigner, and as he greeted madeins with a hearty welcome his voice and

black board. He looked like a foreigner, and as he greeted madamewith a hearty welcome his voice and accent and masses were unmistakeably French.

"We are alone, Ginta vo, and our box distakem," said madame, his he we voices. "We wish be enter by:
The gentleman bowed profoundly and professed himself delighted. Assisting the ladies from the vehicle, which was driven by Lady Marian's old friend. Jones, he escorted them to by the stage door, through a dark and dismat hall liant up a sarrow dight of stars, dimly lighted. Then through a long-corridor with a little awing door he led them into the lobby of the house and to their own box.

"Thanks, Gustave," said madaine, when they had arrived. "Go now, for I know how busy you are. But try and come to us when all is over, and take us from the house by the other way."

"You may depend upon me," said the gentleman,

politely. With a single admiring glance at Lady Mariau he

bowed himself away.
"The kindest heart on earth, dear little one!" said madame, arranging her hair and brouch before the mirror in the box. "He is the only brother of my poor monsieur, and he has been a brother indeed to me since his death. His wife is a kind, good woman also, and they have a lovely daughter—ah, so lovely-soon to go upon the stage. He is stage manager here, and I thought it best for him to take us to our seats even by that stage entrance rather than that you should pass in by the other way alone. He will see us safely to our carriage also when all is over. Now, dear little one, be ready for a happy evening. Giuglini and Titlens are both to sing, and you—ah, how beautiful you look, my post! Not a lady will be here this night so lovely, I know it well?"

Lady Marian smiled faintly as she sat down in the front of the box and leaned her cheek upon her hand. The house began to fill, and the musicians, one by one, came from the door beneath the stage and took their places in the orchestra. Shaded from view by their places in the orchestra. Shaded from view by the lace curtains of the box, which madame had par-tially drawn around her, the young girl let her thoughts wander back to him who had so often pro-mised to share this pleasure, of all others; with her. Passionately fond of music, Sir Stephen had told her much of the treat in store for her when the operatic season should begin. He had promised to return to town for it, that they might side by side listen to "Norma," "Faust," Il Trovatore;" "Lurline," "The

"Norma," "Faust," "Il Trovatore," "Lurline," "The Bohemian Girl," and other favourite operas.

The time had come. This was the operatie season, and the town was full; the house would be crowded that very night with the best society of London, and royalty itself was to be there. Among the crowd of strangers, would it be given to her to recognise one dear and dangerously familiar face? Would Sir Stephen come alone to the place where he had once hoped to accompany her? Her heart beat fast as she asked herself that question, and her dark gray eyes looked timidly yet searchingly around the quickly filling house. quickly filling house.

CHAPTER XV.

Go to your bosom; Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know: Measure for Measure.

THE curtain rose that night upon a crowded and fashionable house. Marian glanced around at the

well-filled boxes with unfeigned delight. Never in

well-filled boxes with unfeigned delight. Never in all her quiet and comparatively uneventful life had she dreamed of such an assemblage.

A voice, like the scaring of a nightingale up into the still, warm evening air, fell upon her ear. It was Ginglini—the prince of tenors—aweetest of singers—who lies so silent in his grave at Florence now!

From that moment she knew nothing, cared for nothing, within that crowded house, except the great singer; was conscious of only one fediting over and above her own delight, and that warm a vague sensation of sadness that Sir Stephen was not/theirs to hear.

hear.

Lucille sat quietly near her charge, hereblack eyes roving round the house with an anastas game at first, but fixing at last, with a furtive dumentage watch alone upon a gentleman whit entired the opposite box, when the opera was nearly half-love, and who listened to the most exquisite efforces of Thions and Ginglini with half-olded eyes fixed by the libration with half-olded eyes fixed by the libration with half-olded eyes fixed by the libration visible on his handshow case. Once, when the two marvellous volors want coaring ap towards the vanited roof, like albure tramputs married to slive flutes, he opened his layer many widely, sate even to listen, and at the close of the six learned forward and applauded gently with his small, white-gloved hand. gloved hand

gloved hand.

Maby a curious sye was raised towards his box at the moment. He heeded nothing but the uninger, and, having done his duty by thement the way of expressing approval, he sank back in the same indicent stiffed, and never altered fill beginner again till the curtain tell for the last times.

Then with an apparent but the roused finnell from his abstraction, and standing up in his box, lifted a plain opera-glass of budy and ivory from the cushions, and prepared to take a survey of the house.

Mailaine Laroche turned to Martais, ber black eyes

Maining Larechs turned to Markin, nor black eyestalisty blasing with excitoment.

"Dear little one, we must be going now at once!
Rise quickly, if you plained But before we go glance once around the bousse. Riserd this talk proud man in the opposite box. Look—both that way, my dear, and meet his glance without shrinking, if you can."

Struck by the excited earnestness of her companion's manner, Marian looked across the house.

There in the omnosite box stood a tall, powerfully

panion's manner, Marian looked across the house.

There, in the opposite box, stood a tall, powerfully built man, of more than middle-age, if one might trust the record left by the passing years upon his worn and weary face. A man who had evidently been remarkably handsome once, and who was now what very young and romantic ladies would pronounce "strikingly interesting," with his atraight, aristocratic features, his fair complexion and clustering brown hair, and the wildly piercing glance of his large, dark gray eyes. Those ayes were faced upon Marian now, and the glass had failen from his hand. What was there in that look, in that face, to strouble and impress her so? ind impress her so?

For a full moment the two stood looking across at

Then the opera-glass was raised once more was the choice in that breathless, absorbed way.

Then the opera-glass was raised once more was the fine of the condition once it is time for us to go. "

But how can we leave the house alone, dear Lu-

"But how can we leave the house alone, dear La-cille? I thought the manager——"

"Ab, here he is! Now that is a piece of pure luck, for which I hope to be thankful," said Madame Lareche to herself. "Take you the srm of monsieur, my pet, and I will follow."

"There is a tremendous crush, ladies," said the manager, who was bent upon getting his fair charge safely to her carriage as soon as possible, in order that he might return in time to make one of a jovial supper party given by the great tour to his supsupper party given by the great tenor to his sup-perters and his friends. "Take my arm, if you

Marian obeyed, her thoughts busy with the face

the you she Ye a s wo his do

and brithe soft and Yes do. he

and figure of the mysterious stranger the while.

And, lo, in the lobby, there he stood!

He looked keenly at Marian, doffing his opera-hat courteensly as she passed him. But aeither to her nor to the manager did he speak one single word.

nor to the manager did he speak one single word.

"Carious!" said that worthy gentleman as he conveyed his fair chargedown the marble stairs. "One would not think that he know me. Yet, at times, he is the most genfal, sociable man! I ever metric my life, and that is snying a great-deal, for the manger of a house like this is, of dourse, brought into contact with a great many different people. But, among them all, I have never known one like him! A man of many moods—yet the same stem will and practical, thorough mind through all. The only way is never to intrude upon him when you see him as he is to night. Study him long and well enough to understand and to respect such moods, and he is your friend for life. But venture to address him when he looks at you like that—ha! one would not try it more than one, I -hal one would not try it more than once, I

"But who and what is he?" asked the girl, curi-ously. "Why should you the manager of this house, and like a king here, as I should think—why need you, beneath this roof, at least, study the moods or.

the humours of any man?"
The manager looked intensely gratified, yet, at the The manager looked intensely gratified, yet, at the same time, his plump face wore an humble expression, and he glanced over his shoulder before he spoke. The stranger was following them. Madame Laroche was with him—not leaning on his arm, but walking by his side; and they heard him say, in a deep, aweet voice—that deep and sweet, as it was seemed yet to concentrate in its quiet tones a whirlwind of passion

and an agony of pain:
"Insist! Of course I insist! For what do you

"Insist! Of course I insist! For what no you take me? I must be obeyed!"
"You hear him?" said the manager, a strange hesi tation perceptible in his tone and manner. "I don't know what he means, or what he wants. But whatever it is, he will have it, mark my words. Madame, might as well oppose the rushing of a torrent, or the force of a wild north wind. No one ever opposes or gainsays him; and I—oh, I least of all, my dear young lady."

"But why? Why do you all fear him so?"
"I is not fear—I fear no one," said the little man,

"But why? Why, do you all lear sins so.?" all is not fear—I fear no one," said the little man, doing his best to look dangerous and warlike. "But in this house he is far more powerful than L. 'Tis he who is the king, my dear young lady. I am but prince regant when he is absent; when he is herenay, I hardly know what I am then!" he candidly

confessed.

"But who is he? Why do you not answer my question?" she asked, impatiently.

"A thousand pardons, my dear young lady. I thought I had already answered.—Ah! here is your carriage, and my servant in readiness to see you safely home. Allow me—and will you have the window up or down? Yonder comes madame, and —adicu, or rather au revoir!"

"Stay!" said Marian, leaning out to look after him."

"You must not go—yon have not yet answered me."

"Stay!" said Marian, leaning out to look after him.
"You must not go—you have not yet answered me."
"Again a thousand pardons—it was the sight of the carriage that drove it from my mind. Youder gentleman is the Earl of Mariavayle—the richest per, save one, in England; and the opera house, with all its fittings and furniture, belongs to him."
With a hurried added the manager bowed and vanished. In the distance Marian saw Madame Laroche leave her companion and hurry towards the waiting carriage alone.

waiting carriage alone.

The tall figure of the earl passed slowly through the crowd—a full head and shoulders above every man there. His daughter leaned forward and gazed after him till he was out of sight, but never once did he pause or glance back towards her.

CHAPTER XVI.

Fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily.
Tibus Andronicus.

Upon a gather'd lily. Titus Andronicus...
THERE was silence between the two as they were
driven rapidly towards their home. Lady Marian
revolved many things in her own mind without a possibility of explanation, and Madame Laroche seemed
too much agitated and overcome to offer such explanation unless it was definitively asked.

But when they were once more within the shelter
of her own house she turned to the girl with a wistful look—half-deprecation, half-entreaty—and said:

"Lady Marian, may I go with you to your own
room? I have much to say to you, and it must-be
said to-night."

said to-night.

said to-night."
"Come then," said Lady Marian.
When the door of the boudoir had closed upon them Marian threw saide her opera closk and turned upon her companion in all the indignant strength of her beauty, her loveliness, and her solitary, neglected.

"Lucille, is this right? Is this as it should be be said excitedly. "Was not that man my father? Yet he looks upon me in that gay crowd as if I were a stranger! He goes quietly on his way without a word of greeting, and leaves me, his daughter and his only child, to return to a home like this! Oh, I do not wonder now that my poor mother's heart was broken by his coldness and his pride! But I.—ah, he will find that I am made of sierner stuff! His own blood runs in my veins, and I will give him back corn for scorn.

Madame Laroche looked at her as she paced up

n-no ho

th

o-to

Madame Laroche looked at her as she paced up, and down the room in her proud, young beauty, the brilliants ou her neck and arms scarcely matching the fisshing of her eyes.

"Ah, Lady Marian, you wrong him!" she said, softly. "It was no place for such a meeting there, and he blamed me sorely for taking you to that house. Yet, all the same, it has done the good I wished to do. He sees now how young and fair you are, and he cannot deny the likeness that your face bears to his own. My dear child, he has forgiven your mother.

in her grave this night, and has asked her to forgive him, if I can read the thoughts of a human heart upon a human face. Think gently of him, dear little one, if only for this!"

"He owns me, then, for his child!" said Lady Marian, coldly.

"He does."
"And I—disown him for a father!"

"And I—disown him for a father!"

"Oh, no, dear little one! You must not say that—not now, when his heart yearns towards you so!
You are to go to him to morrow—you are to be publicly recognised by him as his only child. For your mother's sake you must obey him."

Lady Marian made no reply. Her heart rebelled,

Lady Marian made no reply. Her heart rebelled, evon if her lips were silont.
"Only in this way can her good name be fully re-stored," said Madame Laroche, eagerly. "In this great, ornel world of London there are, doubtless, gress, crist work of Loudin there are doubless, many of her own rank who believed her guilty at the time, and are of the same opinion now. On such as these your public recognition, by the earl will have its due effect. If he proclaim himself satisfied of her. innocence, then the world will accept it for a truth.
You will not refuse to do your part towards this ?
Think how your mother looked forward to this day, and you cannot refuse to go to him now that he offer you the shelter of his home."

"Oh, life is very sad and crnel!" said the girl, ursting into tears... "I could have loved my father bursting into tears. bursting into tears. "I could have loved my father dearly, but he has neglected me for sixteen years, and broken my mother's heart by his cruelty, and how can I give him a daughter's affection and reverence now? I loved my husband, and now I know that he deceived me and was only such in name. And my mother is safe in Heaven, where, perhaps, she has forgotten her child. I wish I were there beside her, and all this sorrow and trouble at an end!"

Madame Laroche drew the bowed head tenderly

upon her bosom.
"My little one, do not weep so bitterly. Be sure "My little one, do not weep so bitterly. Be sure that your dear mother, even among the saints, has not forgotten you. Be sure that she will know and rejoice in all that you do for her sake. And as for my lord, you will learn to love him in the end. He is proud—and he was unjust and cruel to Lady Alice—I cannot deny that! But, oh, dear little one, we all make mistakes—we all do wrong! There is no human life without its secret record of cruelty or unkindness. It is much if we repeat of it, as my lord is doing now! Go to him, like a good and gentle child, and he will love you, and you will learn to love him, in the end. As for the other—dear little ene, forget him—speak of him and think of him no more! A thought of him must always be a thought of orlin your mind, while that poor lady lives!

more! A thought of him must always be a thought of evil in your mind, while that poor lady lives! I would that you had never seen that bold, bad man!"

Hot words of passionate defence were in the heart and on the lips of Lady Marian. But she checked and forced them back, in deference to her friend. What right had she, indeed, to defend him? What chance had he given her to save his name from blame? She looked down at the bridal ring with eyes that could scarcely see its shining for their tears.

Madame Laroche also gave it a troubled glance.

"Who is to tell my lord?" she said, turning pale;

yet he must know. Oh, my heart miggives me

yet he must know. Oh, my heart misgives me hen I think of it all. 'Tis he who is most to blame, when I think of it all. "Tis he who is most to blame, but he will not see this—what man would? And his suger will be so terrible. My little one, I dare not speak the words to him."

Lady Marian lifted her, head, with a haughty

"I am not afraid," she said, calmly. "I will tell

"But, oh, you do not know him. He is very terrible when he is angry. I have heard my lady speak of it, and she, always trembled and turned pale. If, he should seek out Sir Stephen—if, blood should be,

She paused and looked irresolutely at the girl.

"My pet, I know not what to say. My heart faints at what lies before us. If—if it could enly be kept from my lord."

Lady Marian looked at her for a moment.

"Kept from him, Lucille? Do you mean that I am to enter his house, and let him welcome me as itis daughter, and say nothing of this?"

"If it could be done, it would be far the better way, my darling."

"But the ring? Do you think he would not notice it, or ask why it was worn?"

"It might be taken off," suggested madame, with a troubled face.

Lady Marian's eyes flashed. She clasped one hand She paused and looked irresolutely at the girl. "My pet, I know not what to say. My heart faints

a troubled face.

Lady Marian's eyes flashed. She clasped one hand over the other as if she would guard the riag from some visible threatened danger.

"Never," she said, in a low, arm tone. "It shall never leave my hand; it shall go with me to my grave. Lucille, I must say it, and you must hear me this once. In spite of all that I have seen and

heard, I cannot but love him and have faith in him still. So I will keep the ring here to the day of my death. No human being shall take it from me. And

death. No luman being shall take it from me. And I will tell my father all—"
"Heaven help us!" said Madame Laroche, in her perplexity. "You must do as you will, Lady Marian. You are like my lord in that, and I dare not gainsay or oppose you. But after you have told him all he will kill Sir Stephen—mind you that."
"It is his own fault," sobbed Lady Marian. "Why did he leave me friendless and alone?"

did he leave me, friendless and alone?"

And, clasping her arms around the neck of her faithful friend, she wept as if her heart would break. No more was said between them that night. It was subject upon which neither cared to dwell.

On the morrow both waited with unspoken anxiety for the coming of the earl. But the hours of the day were slowly on towards evening, and he was not

He has repented of his first impulse," said Lady cian, with a scornful smile. "He dare not come Marian, with a secraful smile. "He dare not come forward in the face of the whole world and own that he was in the wrong, as he must do if he acknowledged meas his shild."

"Do not judge him yet, dear little one," said Macdame Laroche, more uneasy herself than she would have been ready to admit." "Something may have detained him—something that we know not of."

At seven o'clock, when the street lamps were all

alight, and the gay world of the "west-end" was just awakening into life and movement, a hansom cab rattled up to the house and stopped before the

(To be continued.)

GROWTH OF LUXURY .- In this country the GROWTH OF LUXURY.—In this country the growth of luxury is but too rapid. We see so many things that we fancy that we must have them, and cannot do without them; and this engenders a habit of competing with each other in our appearance before the world, regardless of the fact that, generally, speaking, our money has not increased in proportion to our tastes. If a census could be taken of the families who lived within their income between speaking, our money has not increased in propor-tion to our tastes. If a census could be taken of the families who lived within their incomes between the years 1850 and 1870, we fear that the balance for the latter year would be a very unfavourable one; and although it is true that a good many people seem to have an indefinite command of money, by farther greater proportion of English society is, to use a common though expressive idiom, "hard up." —Food Journal.

Food Journal.

The GIPT OF TACT.—What a wonderful oil upon the machinery of human affairs tact is. To know just what to say, and when to say it, and to whom to say it; to know when to be silent, and when deferentially to listen, is a great gift. No one can fully appreciate this quality who has not had the misfortune of living with a blundering person, who never moves nor speaks without unintentionally wounding or offending somebody. Contiguity to such a one is fearful to the nervos, and temper too. We doubt whether tact, in any considerable degree. We doubt whether tact, in any considerable degree, can be acquired. It is born with some, and is as natural to them as the colour of their eyes or hair. We have seen little children who were perfect in it, without the slightest idea, of course, of the diplomacy they were enacting.

many they were enacting.

EARTHQUARE IN CHINA.—Mr. Lowe, United States' Minister in China, transmitted recently to the Secretary of State at Washington a translation of an extraordinary report, made by the Governor of Sze-chuen, on an earthquake which occurred on April 11, 1870, at Bathang, about 260 miles west of Littang, on the high road to Thibot. The report states that, as nearly as is ascertained, there were destroyed two large temples, the offices of the collector of grain tax, the local magistrate, and the colonel, the Ting-Lin Temple, and nearly 700 fathoms of wall around it and 351 rooms in all inside; air smaller temples numbering 221 rooms, besides 1,849 rooms and houses of the common people. The number of people, soldiers, and lamas killed by the crash was 2,298, among whom were the local magistrate and his second in office. The shock extended over a circuit of above 400 miles. In some places steep hills split and sunk into deep pits; in others hills on level spots became precipitous cliffs, and the roads and highways were rendered impassable by obstructions. The Governor states that at Bathang fames suddenly burst out in four places, which strong winds drove about until the heavens were darkened with the launchations of the distressed EARTHQUARE IN CHINA .- Mr. Lowe, United darkened with a moke, and their rearing was mingled with the lamentations of the distressed people. On the 16th the flames were beaten down, but rumbling noises were still heard underground like distant thunder, and the earth rocked and rolled like a ship in a storm, at the mercy of the waves: but in about ten days matters began to grow quiet and the motion to cease. The grain collector at Bathang says that for several days before the earthquake the water had overflowed the dyke, but after the earth cracked in many places, and black,

fetid water spurted out in a furious manner. poked it the spurting instantly followed, just as is the case with the salt wells and the fire wells in the eastern part of the province; and this explains how it happened that fire followed the earthquake in Ba-

WHY DID HE MARRY HER?

CHAPTER XXIX.

Oh, Heaven 't is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood.

WHILE they stood breathless, wondering what
this might mean, the wild scream of a woman in
peril followed close upon the iron vibrations of the hell.

"Great Heaven!" cried Harry, "there's murder

going on!"
"Break open the gates!" shouted Mr. Jasper
Blount, in a shaking voice.

lount, in a shaking voice.

"Summon your comrades!"

The man raised his whistle and emitted a piercing sound. It was answered by a return whistle, echoed by the line of men stationed along the wall, and carried clear round the estate of Chudleigh Heath.

clear round the estate of Chudleigh Heath.

They came rushing to the gate, seized a great stone kerb, which since the erection of the stately masonry of the gateway had been lying unused on the roadside, made of it a battering-ram, and rushed with mighty force upon the gate.

The bar crashed in two, the gate fell back as if it had been a cobweb before a hurricane; the rescuers raced up the "coffin," of Alice Blount memory, to the second gate, and, in like manner, forced an entrance there.

entrance there.

Meanwhile Harry Winchester, followed by Harold Schmitz, had scrambled by incredible means to the top of the wall, and, unconscious of the iron spikes which tore them, had swung down on the inside, a height of only eight feet.

neignt of only eight teet.

Just as the main party began to batter in the second gate they ran through the girdle of trees and across the park to the house.

"Rose! Rose! I am here!" shouted Harry as he

advanced.

Nobody answered; the house was as dark as a tomb. The struggle, if such there had been, was ended. Suddenly the dull silence was broken by a dreadful clamour.

Even as they gazed up wildly the window above the portice cracked from side to side, the glass fell down in splinters, the venetian blind slipped in a heap as if a knife had out its cords, a torrent of flery smoke belched out of the bideous orifice, a fierce army of tongued flames lit up the clay-white faces of the lookers-on.

room was filled with fire.

As if he felt the biting torture eating his own flesh instead of hers, Harry fell backwards with clasped bands and a groan of anguish; then, with the quick reaction of despair, bounded like a lion against the entrance door.

It resisted him.

"Vonst more, meestare, and both togedder!" shouted the Dane, at his side.

Shouted the Dane, at his side.

They flung themselves simultaneously against the door and crashed it open to the wall. A stifling smoke of wood and of burning oil well nigh choked them; they staggered upstairs through the deadly

Rose's chamber was full of fire indeed; it swirled through the open door in billows as the current of from the open window fanned it.
Oh. my girl, she's lost!" cried Harry, frantically.

He flashed into the burning chamber. He saw through the curling smoke a bed which was one sheet of flame, while the fire consumed the ceiling, the wainscoting, the heaps of shavings, and oll-soaked garments which strewed the floor; but he saw no

perishing woman.

Harry rushed out, his eyebrows, hair, and moustache singed, his face black and scorched.
"No; she's not in there, thank Heaven!" cried he.
"She must be on the roof."

They made one dash at the door of the white room. It was locked.
"Demon!" groaned Harry; "he must have locked

"Hurrah!" shouted Harold Schmitz, running to an object which glimmered on the marble of the landing.
It was the key of the white room.

In a moment they had tottered in. The cool air from the open door above revived them. Harry sprang up the steps; Harold leaned against the foot of the ladder, wiping his swollen face.

"Auybody dere?" he called, anxiously.

A wild, sobbing cry came from the roof:
"Oh, my Rose i my darling! She's dead!
they've murdered her!"

Harry Winchester bad meanwhile found her lying breathless beneath the belfry with the bell-rope still in her hand; and when he lifted her joyfully in his arms he saw that the scarlet stain of murder was upon her face and throat; and that those lily-petals dropped like wax over the sweet eyes, and no life stirred her passive limbs; so he had cried aloud in his exceeding anguish to find that after all he had

come too late for James Grey.

Harold Schmitz rapidly made his way downstairs and met the rushing party of constables swarming into

and met the rushing party of constables awarming into the burning house.

"No use coming here," cried he, wiping the smoke and tears from his big blue eyes.

"But the girl—the girl?" shouted Jasper, impetuouely; "she must be in that bedroom up there. It's hers!"

"No, no, meestare; the young lady is all safe—dat is your son has found her. Vy don't you men sarch de hint part of de house for de willain? He isn't up dere, and you're letting him get away while isn't up dere, and you're letting him get away while you stand here."

Away rushed the constables, followed by Mr. Schmitz, who felt a frantic impatience to grapple with the master of Crowlands.

Hence it was that only Jasper Blount met young Harry as he emerged from the house with his burden in his arms.

"My brave boy, I'm proud of you to-night!" cried the old man, clasping his son and the girl in one joy-ful embrace. "But is she harmed? Are you hurt? Good Heavens, why don't you speak? Is the dear ful embrace. "But is she harmed? Are you hurt? Good Heavens, why don't you speak? Is the dear child dead? Oh, Heaven, she is!"

Harry answered by a faint and sickening smile and fell as if shot at the feet of his friend.

The flames roared more flercely; the sparks fell all around the pretty flower-beds and the velvet turf and the group upon the grass—an old man kneeling between the lifeless forms of the two whom he had hoped to call by the dear ties of love his children, and mourning his life's labour as lost.

And the rest of the party? And the rest of the party? Harold Schmitz, running about fired by vengeance, had discovered two skulking figures crawling to a private door behind the stables, with their heads sunk low in the attitude which panic-stricken guilt cannot

help assuming.
With a shrick of furious triumph which brought the constables rushing in that direction, the Dane had pounced upon Mr. James Grey, and dragged him to his knees by the first shake of his muscular little fist in his collar.

Mr. Grey, with blood on his delicate hand, horror in his eye, foam on his livid lip, offered no resistance

beyond a nerveless moan.

Mr. Wilmot Cotton, not the braver but the thicker skinned, fought like a tiger against the men who rushed upon him, and felled his first assailant with a rushed upon nim, and relied his first assainant with a heavy iron box which he had been carrying. He only yielded when struck sonseless to the ground, then he was bound, the box wrenched from his grasp, and formally delivered over to the keeping of the magis-

was the miser's despatch box, containing one

hundred thousand pounds.

The captured men were conveyed to the constable's van, handcuffs placed upon them, and driven in to Schoffeld.

Schoileld.

Mr. James Grey's last look at his grand place,
Crowlands, Chudleigh Heath, was through a jail-van
window, at a pile of burning ruins.
Crowds of alarmed people began to hasten in from
all directions, but their aid was useless.
As soon as Mr. Schmitz and the magistrate had seen

the criminals securely bound they returned to those who had suffered most. They found the poor old

man still in a maze of grief, among the flying em-bers, with his beloved children, too much stupefied to notice any danger. The carriage was driven up as near as the terrified horses would permit, and the mournful trio conveyed

About the dawn of day Mrs. Harold Schmitz, who was sitting in her own house with her inseparable friend Mrs. Fitzroy to keep her company, and wait-ing with unutterable anxiety to hear the result of the night's watch, was thrown into a state of the deepest horror and excitement by the arrival of her brother-in-law, meek as a dove with grief, Harry Winchester, conscious but whiter than any sheet, where smoke had not blackened him, and Rose, ap-

parently lifeless. Alice immediately became useless, as she always Alice immediately became usedess, as and always did in an emergency, except that in this case she served as a pillow for the head of the blood-bedabbled girl, and Kate, with great skill, placed herself at the head of affairs as coolly as if she had

hospital nurse all her days. Whether it was by a special Providence, or that the gentle hands, the soft woman voices, the tears of pity and affection, and the pions prayers of Alice worked their spell, certain it is that the slow wheels of suspended existence began to move again, and sweet Rose awoke at last from her death-resembling stupor.

Can we do better than leave her in the midst of these kind friends, to wake to her new lease of life on the bosom of gentle Alice, while brilliant Kate Fitzroy, her services no longer requisite, becomes useless in her turn, and, weeping hysterically, de-clares that this night will be a lesson to her all her

Can we do better than let her wake to the sounds Can we do bester than its for wake to the sounds of Jasper's discordant tones, quavering with thankful joy as he chatters to her like an inspired parrot; or to the quizzical excitement of the Dane, her host, as he rushes in and out half-mad with the carnest desire to put his rather meagre hospitality at her disposal; or to the sight of her own true lover, pale, and swathed

to the sight of her own true lover, pale, and swathed up in bandages, but smiling like an angel, as he gazes fervently upon her from a sofa drawn up close to her, and murmurs words of passionate endearment that she had thought past from her for ever?

Pain, delirium, sickness shall raise a mighty wall between her and that terrible time, and blot with merciful hand all memory of it from her brain. She shall rise from that couch as free from the scorching recollection of her brief married life with Mr. Janea Grey as if it had never been and co happy as a child Grey as if it had never been, and go happy as a child into the new and flowery path which Heaven in its kindness will prepare for her. But ere the curtain closes before her bewildered eyes, we envy her the thrill of ecstatic wonder which visited her when first she woke to consciousness—not with murderous hand upon her throat, or the eyes glaring with homicidal frenzy into hers, but circled round with weeping friends and gazed upon by Harry.

Sir Selwyn Viner arrived at Schofield the very next day, bringing Mrs. Lester with him, and from the time of his arrival took the management of Rose's affairs entirely into his own hands. He had the first physicians in attendance, and, had Mrs. Lester allowed it, she would have had a staff

Mrs. Lester allowed it, she would have had a stau of nurses under her command which might manage a dozen patients; but the devoted old lady preferred to wait upon her daughter herself, with that tender, vigilant, servile attention which only a dear and adoring mother can display.

And, as if anxiety for his beloved child had done what physicians could not do, Mr. Lester rebelled from the iron rule of his unmarried sister, who had

been ensconced as nurse in his wife's absence, rose from his bed one day, stole out of the house, and appeared, a colourless vision, at the door of Mrs. Schmitz to know how Rose was.

He had shared the night vigils with his wife since then, and together, hand in hand, as they had ever taken life's joys or sorrows hitherto, the old couple had waited humbly for the flat of their Heavenly Father.

Father.
Sir Selwyn Viner and Mr. Jasper Blount, though speedily the best of friends over the complicated affairs of their respective protégés, Rose and Harry, had many a wrangle about a subject which they could not—would not agree on.
Witness them in Sir Selwyn's handsome hotel, where Mr. Jasper Blount has just been having dimer with him—a dinner prepared with special reference to the guest's Indian tastes—which is burning the host's entrails at this moment with intolerable fire.

"Don't tell me, Sir Selwyn! You could manage it well enough if you chose. You're a good law-yer, and know every crinkle of the law, only you won't give me the satisfaction of hearing you say

"My dear Mr. Blonnt," said Sir Selwyn, with the air of a suffering martyr—for was he not suffering in-tensely—" your persistence takes my breath away-You want me to divorce Rose from her villain of a husband and marry her to your hero of a stepson. Very good—very delightful, but impossible. We can Very good—very delightful, but impossible. We can bring in a divorce from bed and board, and save our young lady from ever being claimed again by her husband; but is not the purpose equally served by transporting her husband for life? And how often have I implored you, explained to you, declared to you, that in case of a limited divorce the lady cannot marry another man?"

"Torough! I hear you! I'm tired of hearing you."

not marry another man?"
"Zounds! I hear you! I'm tired of hearing you din me with that. But why not have her divorced in a way that will make her a free woman at once?"
"Unfortunately, the marriage, thanks to Mr. Grey's cunning, was lawful, and we cannot procure a total divorce. We may cut the knot which ties our dear young lady to the villain, but, alas! it is beyond our young to force the links which can hind her to the power to forge the links which can bind her to the hero."

This is but one of the many quarrels that the ex-cellent gentlemen had upon this exhaustless subject of mutual interest. Nevertheless they became quite

ng

ier

ful

ila She

ild

its

ain

rat

ing

ler

aly

gl

ay

in-

an.

ur by

n-

in

ar

inseparable, and overhauled the young people's affairs with the amicable enthusiasm of two ancient guardian

angels.

Meantime the wheel which James Grey's guilty hand had set revolving, slowly turned on its axle, and rolled its inevitable course, and, scattering in its way strange revelations, brought for him his re-

mpense. He sat chained in his cell. His crimes were fully

proved; his plot had been discovered from end to end; he was condemned to penal servitude for life. In a few days he would leave this cell and wear a convict's dress, and be a dead man in the eye of the law he had bent to his own vile uses; he would work, law he had bent to his own vile uses; he would work, chained limb to limb with the unworthy wretch who had been his accomplice; he would labour like a slave, and bear the punishment of his crimes for ever.

He thought he could bear even that. Life under any circumstances was a thing which James Grey clung to. Be it dishonoured, degraded, loathsome, he loved it with a coward's tenacity.

The call does connect and the woman whom he had

he loved it with a coward's tenacity.

The cell door opened and the woman whom he had cruelly wronged in the days of his power came in.

"Go away!" said Mr. Grey, looking at her sullenly.

"What do you come here for? I've nothing to give you now, and I don't want to see you."

Kate Fitzroy, merciless now, stood at a distance, with soon on her beautiful face.

He was a miserable object to look at, with his prison

dress and shorn head and unshaven, haggard face.

"Good gracious!" ejaculated his visitor, in derisive tones; "is it for the likes of that creature I was so ready to sell myself? You poor, contemptible wretch, I could despise myself when I look at you now."

you now!"

"Begone!" he uttered, harshly; "you're the very last one who should stand glorying there ever my defeat. I wouldn't have been here but for you."

"I'd be a happy woman if I thought I had brought ye to the treadmil!" cried Mrs. Fitzroy, bitterly; "but though I owe you a bigger debt of hatred than either of the two poor creatures you tried to make an end of, it wasn't I, sorra be on ye, that brought ye to this."

end of, it wasn't I, sorra be on ye, that brought ye to this."

"Look here, Kate," returned Mr. Grey, elenching his manacled hand at her, "you've been the ruin of me. If it hadn't been for you I wouldn't have got into debt, furnishing you with that house in Blenheim Street; I wouldn't have broken my word with Mr. Koating, and opened Gregory Blount's papers in search of his secret, instead of destroying them. If it hadn't been for you, I wouldn't have made my plot to get the money; I wouldn't have made my plot to get the money; I wouldn't have taken Crowlands, and set up for a wealthy man to mask my purpose; I wouldn't have resolved to marry the widow and destroy the codicil. If you hadn't driven me on from bad to worse, I would not have tried to burn Alice Blount in her house, so as to clear the field for Ross Lester; I wouldn't have hoped to make her my tool, and waited for the time when I could destroy her. I risked everything, and you were to blame!"

As he spake these excited sentences the lovely face of the woman would have chained a physiognomist in admiration. Auger, defiance, surprise, passed over it in distinct waves; now her full and sensuous lips curved with disdain, now her fall and sensuous lips curved with disdain, now her flashing eyes expressed a torrent of feelings at once.

"I to hlame!" she ried incredulent!". "oh you were to have the house."

eyes expressed a torrent of feelings at once.
"I to blame!" she cried, incredulously; "oh, you
wicked demon to throw such a black falsehood on me! Did I ever tempt you to one of your crimes? Haven't I gone against you since ever you began your mean, deceiving ways with me? Haven't I tried all in my power to baulk you? Haven't I told you in your teeth many a time that I wouldn't believe your false-hoods nor take part in them? Come!"

"I did what I have done," answered he almost with

a sob, "so that I might come to you at the end of a year and say: 'I've loved you all the time. I'm free

year and say: 179 loves you at it time. In free to marry you, and have a hundred thousand pounds to make it worth your while!"
"Sure you must take me for a soft head to believe that!" cried Kate Fitzroy, scornfully; but she became

pale for all her bravado.
"I wish to Heaven I had never seen your beguiling face!" groaned the prisoner; "if ever a woman's steps go down to perdition yours do, and I've fallen into them! Kate, I loved you, and you've ruined me for evermore!"

A white pall fell over her warm and glowing

A white pair lesi over her warm and gloves beauty, turning her into an image of snow; she seemed struck to the heart by these bitter words.

"I believe you say truly!" she ejaculated; "if I had been good instead of bad, you'd not have made up such a plot as that! My own ill-doing is to blame—mercy preserve me! and I came here to judge you! The way things have turned out I thought seemed. mercy preserve me: and I came nere to juage you: The way things have turned out I thought seemed like a judgment on you for deceiving me so often, but see I'm half to blame myself. If we had married honestly on your salary as Keating's partner, I would almost to a dead certainty have been the heiress of the hundred thousand pounds to-day!

"You?" shrieked Mr. Grey. "You?"
"Yes, indeed, James," answered Mrs. Fitzroy, in an awe-struck voice. "Sir Selwyn Viner has found out that my father, Cuthbert Lee, was eldest brother of Alice Blount's father, while Rose Lester's mother was his youngest sister. Rose is Alice's cousin on the female side, but I on the male, and I am the nearest relative. James, we are all three cousins, and you tried to marry the two you did not love for the money which the one you did love has eventually possessed."

Mr. Grey wiped his sweat-bedewed face with nechanical hand, and muttered, breathlessly:

Go on!

"You poor creature!" said Kate, mournfully, "I'm almost sorry I came here to torment you with the news! Go on! Faith, I've little else to say, except that it's determined I am to make my cousin Alico take two-thirds of her husband's money, and the rest I'll go to Ireland with, with my foster-mother, Mrs. Burr, for company. Poor Rose has found grand friends, but it's little enough they can do to comfort a young thing in her twenty-second year, who is tied to a convict for life! Oh, you miserable man, you befooled me, and I beguiled you; but, for the sake of the love that was between us, shake hands once more, and let's part friends!"

She rushed forward with something of the cane. "You poor creature!" said Kate, mournfully, "I'm

ed forward with something of the rous pity of a true woman filling her eyes with tears; but the wretched man seemed not to hear her. His eyes rolled, his hands clung to each other in a

frantic clasp.

"Great Heaven; and I have lost all!" muttered

he, almost inaudibly.

Then he fell back in a fit.

That evening the jailer brought No. 57 his bread

He set the prison loaf upon the table, and went to the prisoner's bed. He was lying motionless, his face to the wall.

face to the wall.

The jailer laid his hand on his shoulder, saying:

"Here you are, my man. Cheer up, and eat a bit."

The prisoner never answered.
So the man stoeped over him, saw that his face was cold—saw that his cravat was twisted in a rope around his neck—saw that his body was rigid, and he

coiled, saying:
"Dead!" Yes, Mr. James Grey had added his last crime to

CHAPTER XXX.

The hues of bliss more brightly glow Chastised by sabler tints of woe.

THE morning succeeding Mr. James Grey's death Mr. Jasper Blount bustled into the house at Merrybury. One glance at the wizened visage of the old gen-tleman would have revealed the fact that he had come

with a purpose. He looked grim, he looked dogged. He penetrated into Rose's own private little parlour, where nobody but her father and mother ever had the impulence to penetrate; he found Rose in a black gown, with white roses on her breast, her feet on the fender, and an awad strained lock in fender, and an awed, strained look in her eyes, and Jasper emitted a snort of disapproval as he closed

She looked round, gave him a tremulous welcome and, looking back into the glow of the grate, forgot

He looked indignantly about, beheld the morning's

He looked indignantly about, beheld the morning's paper, and, mounting his spectacles, found the paragraph which complacently announced the suicide of the convict James Grey.

"Confound 'em!" mumbled Jasper, thrusting the paper on the back of the fire, "why do they fill their columns with such garbage? The more horrible the more minutely they describe it. Rose," bending over the back of her chair, "cheer up now, he's best away." Ay, me! but where?

Her great, asking, horrified eyes repeated the question pitcously.

Vile he was, and cruel he had been to her, but never thus would Bose have won her freedom.

Yes, though James Grey could never bridge the chasm he had made between her and her lover but

chaem he had made between her and her lover but by his own dead body, now when that bridge was

by his own dead body, now when that bridge was made she qualled before it.

"My dear," quoth Mr. Blount, with a shake in his rasping tones, "no use crying over spilled milk. He's gone, and there's an end of that. Think no more of it. Heaven is merciful, you know, and all that."

Jasper always shirked theology as beyond his otherwise luminous comprehension.
Rose answered by averting a hopeless face with a shudder, and covering her eyes with her hand.
No doubt about it, the sweet girl had received a shock that might play mischief with her tender frame in her present couvalescent state.
So the old gentleman, thoroughly frightened, roused himself for action.

"I say, Rose," he said, sitting down very close to her and speaking very cheerfully, "you're in want of a change. You need to have your thoughts divorted into an entirely new channel. That's what you need. This moping and musing will make an old woman of you, and how would Harry like that? We were talking of a change for you this morning—the very thing to set you on your feet again, and start you off in an entirely new direction. It would give you employment which would keep your mind off unprofitable subjects; and, in fact, if anything in the world can make your old self out of you, our plan will." "I say, Rose," he said, sitting down very close to

What is your plan?" she asked.

"What is your plan?" she asked.
"Oh, it's not so much my plan as Harry's," grinned
the old man, taking her hand and patting it, "but I
approve of it, so does your father and mother, for I
asked 'em before I came in to see you. It's the neatost thing I've thought on for many a day, and Harry is so auxious that you'll try it."

"What is it?" she asked again, wonderingly.

"It's to get married this month, my darling!" blurted out the old man. She started, looked shocked, and cried: "No, no!" in a terrified voice, then grow rosy red, and smiled with tears in her eyes.

"Poor Harry!" she murmured, in the shyest

"Poor Harry!" she murmured, in the shyest whisper, "he musta's be impatient. He must remember that I was that poor man's wife—"
"Confound it!" snarled the father-in-law elect.

"Confound it!" snarled the father-in-law elect.
"It's the first time you've ever owned it, and it's the
worst time you could have pitched upon to own it.
Who's he that my son should wait on, and wait on,
for his promised wife? There, don't cry, my little
girl. I am an old idiot, and Harry is a selfish young
dog—"
"No, no!" cried Rose again, as earnestly as before,
while her bosom heaved excitedly. "Harry only
asks for his own, and I am wicked to defraud him
any longer. It is all very horrible about poor James
Grey—but Harry should not be forced to suffer—and
so—and so—."

so—and so—"
"My darling!"

"I say yes."

Jasper caught her in his arms and kissed her blushing face, while the tears ran down his own for very triumph.
Then he opened the door, and called, in stentorian

ccents:

Harry: Harry rushed in, radiant as a sunbeam and hand-some as a demi-god, and took his bride from his father's arms, and, gazing deep, deep into her up-raised, unspeakable eyes, lost himself in the bound-lessness of their bliss, and wondered whether he were on earth or in heaven.

on earth or in heaven.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester came in too, happy-eyed, and kissed their daughter, and half-langhing received Mr. Jasper Blount's imperious commands that they should make it a wonderful wedding, if gold could do it.

"A wedding that will make her forget everything," quoth Mr. Jasper Blount. "A wedding that will be as unlike her first as Heaven is unlike—well, the opposite. Poor child, look at her! Is that a creature that can bear brooding over a shocking tragedy that has had its connection with her own guiltless life?" And when they had looked at Rose they knew that

has had its connection with her own guiltless life?"
And when they had looked at Rose they knew that
the old man spoke wisely. The tremulous rapture of
her lips and eyes, the soft, clinging hands, the fitful
flame that went and came upon her transparent
cheek—all proclaimed the fragility of the creature
who had passed through such frightful scenes, and
urgently warned them to put to flight her anguished

reminiscences by sheer force of happiness.

"Give her to her lover," said Mr. Jasper Blount, with moistened eyes, "and he will make her forget the whole world. So here goes for a grand wed-

ding."

Thus it happened that scarce a month from erring James Grey's death, the wife he had so wrongfully married put off her brief mourning, donned the glistening robes of a happier bridal, and went to the parish church with Harry Winchester.

But all her dearcs: friends were around her—her beloved father, frail and beaming; her dear, brave mother, gloating over the loveliness and joy of her sweet Rose; kind Kate Fitzroy, blessing with her warmest smiles the wedding-day of her pretty cousin, while her heart was like to break over the fate of James Grey; and Alice Schmitz, laughing and crying at once, and vowing to Kate that never did a bride look more like an angel from Heaven than did that darling Rose.

brue floor hote the an algorithm that darling Rose.

Sir Selwyn Viner and Mr. Jasper Blount wrangled all the way to church in the same coach, but wept amicably together when Rose Grey, with a heavenly exstasy, said she'd take Harry Winchester to be her wedded husband.

Harold Schmitz, twinkling from strawy moustache to shiny boot, hummed an internal anthem to the

bride's happiness in the words of his one song, slightly

"Harry knew dee but to leve dee,

Dou.dear one of his heart, May de grass for dee be over frield and groun, Oh, dy best day's beginning when Harry dou art winning; We love dee, dou darling Daisy Deane !*

In memory perhaps of the hour before she knew the sorrow of her life Rose had for her bridesmaid once again Miss Hardwicke, her girl-friend, while St. Leger performed, as of yere, the duties of grooms-

So the little bride went up the siele in a long, long glistening robe, veiled in a mist-web, sprinkled with orange blossoms, pure, pale, hely, like a sacrifice to

So indeed she was to the little god that lords it over all.

She put her hand in her dear, true lover's, and firmly made reply to that interesting query or ing this man—this time in deathless carnest: "I will!"

When the minister pronounced them man and wife she flushed from pearly brow to milk-white chin, and

But when they all knelt in prayer, and she thought

But when they all knett in prayer, and she thought on that other man in outer darkness, she sighed, so geutle and kind was our pretty Rose. So when they were man and wife they drove back, hand-in-hand, to the little house in Merrybury for the last time, and gave their friends a wedding breakfast, the like of which had never been seen in the parish before.

Mr. Jasper Blount had had his way, and beamed upon everybody like a beneficent, if ugly, he-fairy.

upon everybody like a beneficent, if ugly, he-fairy.

Hence—after the usual speech-giving, toast-drinking, joy-wishing; after the glimpse of an incomparable bride in angel white, smiling with inscrutable agitation, and of a bridegroom glorified, adorable in his golden dream; after the vanishing of the scented robes of snow, and momentary resppearance of the transcendently emotional face of the bride at the transcendently emotions have or tale bride as the door, clad in a maddeningly bewitching travelling costume; after kissing her glove tips to her breathlessly gazing friends, and flitting away from the two clinging mother-arms clasped about her waist-a carriage rolled from the door, and the wedded pair went forth into the world. Heaven bless them!

That same evening they arrived at the exquisite home in Surrey which Mr. Jasper Blount had pre-pared for them. A dream of delights seemed indeed part of them. A dissure-grounds, beautiful and ro-mantic, surrounded the trim, poetically tvy-draped manor, and within all was costly and unique as an

Indian cabinet.

He took her soft hand and kissed the weddingring.
"My little wife," said Harry, in grave, deep tones,

"can you trust to me to make you forget the past?"
She looked up, a matchless witchery in her rapt

brown eyes; she met the watchful blaze of his and was not frightened of them now.

"Oh, Harry," my darling, my darling!" she said, quite drawn out of herself; "I love you so fearfully, so strangely, that I'm wicked enough to forget everything on the face of the earth but you. Why do you ask me, Harry, when you know I am so absurdly

ask me, Harry, when you know I am so absurdly happy?"
"Oh, my child!" he cried, wrapping his arms close about her yielding form; "what care I for all the frowns of earth, since you are mine! "No more parting, Rose, till you or I lie dead! Think of it, my angel! No more longing and yearning for each other—we are one for ever! There, little witch! you have begun you refer to the property of the pr begun your reign by throwing a glamour over me. Is it in your great leving eyes, or is it in your dainty lips, or is it everywhere? Where lurks the spell of my darling, and what is it?"

"Harry—my husband!" she whispered, low as a fairy-bell, "it lurks in my heart, and it is adoration!"
So it is sweet heart!

it is, sweet heart! For if ever a little woman was expressly created to love, and to be loved, that precious little angel was Rose Winchester.

Thus we leave them

They have escaped the turbulent rapids of youth's vexed stream, and are sailing away on broader, smoother seas, with a blue sky overhead, and a soft breeze in the sails, with the glass set fair, and the land of Hope on the bow.

THE END.

PROLONGED VIGILS.—Leibnitz sometimes passed PROLONGED VIGILS.—Leibnitz sometimes passed three consecutive days and nights in the same chair, solving a problem which interested him; an excellent custom, as Fontenelle observes, to accomplish a labour, but a very unhealthy one. The Abbé de la Caille, a famous astronomer, had a fork invented in which he adjusted his head, and in this position passed the night in astronomical observa-

tions, without knowing any other tenemies that sleep and the clouds, without suspecting that there could be any more delightful way of employing those silent hours which revealed to him the harmony of the universe. Thus he contracted aminflammation of the lungs which carried him off in a short time. Giradet did not like to labour during the day. Seized in the middle of the night by a fever of inspiration, he arcse, litthe chandelier suspended in his studio. Placed upon his head an anorpended in his studio, placed upon his head an enormous hat covered with candles, and in this strange costume he painted for hours. No one ever had a feebler constitution, or a more disordered state of health than Girsdet.

LUCY'S DIAMONDS.

"I DECLARD, Lucy, fully ! thirty minutes that passed since you have spoken moved, or even raised your eyes from the one spot in the carpet! A pount, nay, a hundred of thom, for your thoughts, head

"Oh, I will tell you; and, if I am right, Lucy shall own it, and I'll claim the ponnies," answered Belle, Hattie's wister.

"Very well a sgreed," said Lucy and Hattie simul-

taneously.

"Well, Lucy has been thinking of three young gentlemen, her most arisent admirers. First, of Gus Hartley, that handsome, fascinating man; then of Hartley, that handsome fascinating man; then of Emuire—if I were ambitious of Austin Wellworth, Esquire—if I were ambitious wealth, I'd certainly take him; and last and dewealth, I'd certainly take him; and last; and deast too, in aunty's estimation, I know, John Fairleighgood, honest John, but poor, dreadfully so. Now Lucy has been for the last half-hour thinking of these three; if she should make one of them supremely happy, which one should he he. Am Iright, Lucy?" After a moment's hesitation Lucy replied:

"Yes, I was thinking of them, though not as you have the total in Bay workher dish leave the results.

have stated it. But you have fairly won the

Here she was interrupted by Awat Hamah:

"I hope not as she stated. 'The idea! I think
there are only two to be considered at present... John
Fairleigh! I don't know why he presumes to come
here. Poor! worse that poor, with his mother and
sister to support on an income of a hundred pounds

a-year.

Aunty, I believe John Fairleigh to be most worthy. His poverty I very much regret, alike for his mother and sister, as well as himself. But I think them very rich in possessing such a sou and brother. However, I don't think you need be uneasy about his coming,"

answered Lucy.

"You know he loves you," whispered Belle.

"Indeed," interposed the aunt, "I think it is quite time you should decide between your lovers. "While you are hesitating you may lose the right one."

"Who is he, aunty?"

"Why, who else but Mr. Wellworth? He is the only one you could be sure was not after your fortune, more than yourself, a answered Aunt Hannah as she

Mr. Fairleigh senior failed in business and died when his son was about eighteen; leaving the widow and daughter to his charge. Of course his studies had to be abandoned then and all his time devoted to their support,

If Lucy had a kindlier feeling for John Fairleigh than either of the other mentioned gentlemen, her

cousins failed to discover it.

A half-hour after the door opened, and Lucy's guardian, Mr. Olayton, entered. Smiles were still ingering about his lips, and he said:

"I think you have been tessing your aunt sadly, Lucy." She has just been opening her heart to me. She is very anxious about your selection of a husband." band

"I know, guardy. So she has decided for me. How do you like her choice?"

I'm glad he is not yours. That is, I hope not."

"Why, guardy?" "Because I know nothing certainly of his wealth—only what report says. He may be just what your

aunt fears for you."
"What of Mr. Hartley, sir?" asked Belle.

"A good-natured, good-for-nothing young man, who will spend all he can get without sarning a shilling.

And Mr. Fairleigh—tell us of him," said Hattie.

A noble fellow. But not the husband for any "A noble fellow. But not the husband for any one; that is, during his mother's life, unless his sister one; that is, during his mother's life, unless his sister should marry some one able and willing to care for her mother, or unless some unlooked-for good luck come to him. John, poor fellow, his life is wedded to those depending on him for support. He has fine talents. His father was anxious for him to study law. Any commands to-day, Lucy?"

"Not to-day, guardy. Do you remember—next week I shall belong to myself."

"Oh, yes; I've been thinking about it. So you

want to let me know new you are going to be just as extravagant as you choose, and I will have no longer the right to chide. That is it, little lady. Well, I'm very anxious to see how you will act when you belong to yourself, as you say."

With a pleasant smile the good man took leave

of them.

Lucy Nelson was an orphan, in the comfortable possession of twenty thousand pounds; consequently was courted and flattered. Notwithstanding which she was a sensible, sweet, affectionate girl, "John Fairleigh loved her with all the fervour of his noble,

doving heart, yet without hope.

A few evenings after the above conversation, John A few evenings after the above conversation, some Fairleigh stead in the doorway of his humble home. Coming down the street, bent and with feeble steps, he saw an old woman. When the reading woise:

"Most Transfer and week, white our work at the conversation of the

" May I stop here and rest a bit on your steps,

Jenson ?

"Not on the steps but come in. Mother will give you a support tea. "Gome." With tender were be as-sisted ther my the steps, coshing i "Mother—Clara, here is an old slady very tired. "Make her confer-able, please."

The door was opened, and a pleasant, gentle-look-ing woman came out, followed by a beautiful girl of about sixteen, who drow the wearled traveller in, sected her in a comfortable chair, and would have re

seated her in a comfortable obstraind would have re-lieved her of her hood and waxpplogs, but she ob-jected, saying she would rest only a few minutes. Clara drew up a stand, and placed a cap of tea and biscutts before the old lady. While she still lingered with them, John came into the room and said:

" I'm going out new, mother, and may not be in be-

fore ten."

"Ab, I know where," answered his mother as she observed his careful toilette. "Oh, my boy, is it well? "She oan never beyons. "Why will you linger near her? Every hour will ninke it burder for you to resign her to another, as it must be."

"Don't, don't, mother dear. I must see her be with her while I may. Do not mention the future; with her while I may. Do not mention the future; live only in the present. There, good-bye, I'm off. Burstop." Coming up to the old woman, he said: "You have walked far, I know. Now do ride as near your home as possible."

He dropped a prese of after in her hand. The hand trembled as it closed tightly over the money. He hastened out and heart not the low whispered

thanks and blessings which reached his moties's ear-thanks and blessings which reached his moties's ear-"Yes, yes; you are right. 'He is good-may noble boy! But he has a heavy burden on this young shoulders. 'Would that it could be otherwise,' "Mrs.

The old woman worse to go. "They bads her come again, whenever she was near. With many thanks she left thom.

The days pessed by until the one came which gave Lucy the right over after to use as she chose her weath. She entered the guardian's office, and said: "I've come; guardy to crave a birthday boon You must not refuse."

on miss not retuse.

"Well, tell 'me' what it is. The not refuse, unless ryour own good."

She bent over him, and whispered in his war.

He started in real smazement.

"Fire thousand! Why, child, what can you want with so much? Oh, I surmise—I heard your cousies talking of a set of diamonds. But really, Lucy, let

"No, no, guardy. You know I might iosist; but I only plead. Lot me have it, and I'll promise to economise enough to satisfy you for the next three years. I intend to come to you, as heretofore, for every pound until—well, until I ne longer belong to myself."

myself."

"My child, I fear you will make a very poor investment. Diamonds are not likely to increase in value."

ve not told you that is what I want the money for," she said.
"Ah, but I know."

"Ah, But I know."
"Well, yes, I shall invest that amount in diamonds, if you will insist on my telling you."
The cheque was drawn, and Lucy went away quite happy; while her guardian felt very anxious indeed. He said:

He said:

"She is a good girl, a very good girl, but dreadfully extravagant. She'll soon dissipate her fortune if I do not manage to check her. A miserable in vestment. I must endeavour to make it up in some other way. I'll try my hand at investing for her now."

It was not long before the Fairleighe again saw the old woman, who came to claim their hospitality once

more.
"I'm going away," she said. "I wanted to see you again, you were so kind to me. I shall never forget you."
She remained but a little while, then bade them

good-bye. A few moments after when Clara stooped down to pick up a reel of cotton, she saw, lying behind the arm-chair where the old woman sat, a sittle black bag, which she immediately recognised as belonging to her. Picking it up, she ran out on the front steps, and looked up and down the street, hoping to see the owner, but she was nowhere in sight. Thinking she would most likely miss it and return, she went back. But the evening passed without seeing or hearing again of the old woman. The next morning Clara said:

"I think we ought to look in the bag, and, if it is of any value, try to find the owner."

John thought so too. It was epened, and, to their great surprise, in it was a note addressed:

"To my kind friends."

Opening which, John read aloud: ood-bye. A few moments after when Clara stoops

"To my kind friends."

Opening which, John read alond:

"I have not left my bag by mistake. I came to do
so. You have all been kind to the old woman you
will never see again. But that you may think of her
often she leaves you a token of thanks. It will relieve the young shoulders of their burden, and his
heart, teo, perhaps. You need not try to find me.
But a little while, and earth will know no more the
old woman. I have more than enough still to maintain me, should I live longer than the allotted time.
You will find with this certificates of money placed
in the Union Bank, subject to the order of John Fairleigh. Do with it as you choose.

in the Union Esant, subject to the order of John Fair-leigh. Do with it as you choose.

"Gratefully, your OLD WOMAN."

John was bewildered—they all were. Could it be real? They were not dreaming surely. Many thousands—for them?

Although the cashier of the mentioned bank was well known to John Fairleigh, it was not without considerable hesitation that he went to see if such good fortune was really his.

"Yes, it is just so, Mr. Fairleigh. I was but little

less surprised than yourself," answered the cashier.
"Have you any idea who the person is?" asked

John.

"Not the remotest. I only knew that an old lady came here yesterday, and, in a perfectly business-like manner, made the transaction."

The Fairlafeth was—not because of

manner, made the transaction."

How happy John Fairleigh was—not because of the possession of money, but because he had then the means to obtain a profession. His father's wish and intention could be secured, and his mother and sister could live comfortably during his years of study and struggling for success. Then hope whispered more—more than that. Dare he listen?

pered more—more than that. Dare he listen?
Mr. Clayton insisted many times on seeing Lucy's diamonds. When at length she placed before him the sparkling jewels he said:
"Well, well, they are very handsome; although I think that a few pounds would have purchased just as good-looking a set—that is, to my eye; but of course I'm no judge. However, I suppose it is a great thing to feel sure you have real jewels."
"I am perfectly sure of the worth of mine, guardy," said Lucy, with a bright smile.
Mr. Clayton was considerably relieved about the five thousand so poorly used, for he had made an investment which seemed very certain of more than doubling that amount. Before a year had passed his own and all of Lucy's possessions, save three or four thousand retained for her immediate use, were swept away in a crash which wrecked many others with them.

Bravely Lucy bore it, cheering as best she could

her guardian. "I've a little fortune yet, guardy. I shall not

want," she said.

"A pittance. You have your diamonds though.
Your investment has proved better than mine, child."

"Then cheer up, guardy. 'Your boys will prove diamonds to you. 'And I have my jowels. So we are both above real want, and will come out all right by-

Sooner than Lucy had dreamed came the time to

The charming Gus Hartley's and the wealthy Austin Wellworth's ardent devotion grew suddenly very moderate, and finally ceased. The home of Lucy knew them no more. But often came John

Three years had passed. He was before the people. They felt his great ability. Another year, and he stood one of the ablest lawyers of his time. Then he came and told his love.

"I've been waiting for this for years, John," Lucy answered, placing her hand in his.

"And—can you—do you mean—oh, tell me!"
"That I am yours. My heart has been ever since

I first knew you."
What John answered was intended for Lucy's ears What John answered was intended for Liney's eastlone, and I shall not write it for other eyes to see.

When Mr. Clayton had given the bride away, and she no longer "belonged to herself," she drew him aside and whispered:

"Guardy, I deceived you when I displayed what

you thought my diamonds. They were false. Here are the real jewels, "and she directed his gaze to ber husband, his mother—hers—and their sister. Then she told him all about the old woman's investment, and concluded by asking: "Has is not proved a good investment? Shall I ever want, think you guardy?"
"Yes, and no, little Lucy; the best investment in the world. You will never want—at any rate, for the best thing that earth can give—true love. You are a wise little woman," answered her guardian.
"This is my secret, divulced only to you. You

This is my secret, divulged only to you. You will keep it?"

will keep it?"

"Sacredly, my dear."

"Years after, Luoy sent her husband to hunt for an antique, jewel. While thus engaged, he found a fittle silken bag. Opening which, he saw a silver coin, with a slip of paper, on which was written, "Given me by dear John, Nov. 7th, 1861."

How swift are our thoughts! how dear and bright and how simple the most difficult problem hecomes when we have the key given us! Thus it was that the mystery of years was solved. Chance had given John his wife's secret. It was the only one she had ever kept from him. He would not let her know it was one no longer. He felt it due to her that his mother and sister should not only love her for what she was, but also for what she had been to them. When John placed in his wife's hand the jewel she had sent him to find his heart was rejoicing in the had sent him to find his heart was rejoicing in the knowledge of possessing one surpassing the val of all other jewels earth can give. F. H. B.

ROYAL WORKMEN.—William, the august Emperor of Germany, is a compositor. Charles IX. was passionately attached to the blacksmith's art. Tallemant assures us of Louis XIII. that he was an excellent confectioner and a good gardener.

It is a fact which may not be generally known that the rail level of the whole of the Metropolitan District Railway is below Thames high water, and that its drainage is effected by four pumping engines, placed at various points of the road, of the aggregate power of about 150 horses.

aggregate power of about 150 horses.

WOOLWICH ARSENAL.—Henceforth foreigners desirous of visiting the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, or any other of the Government establishments at Woolwich, must in the first instance apply the country of the count for permission through their own embassies. The War-office cannot grant orders of admission to foreigners except through this channel.

A VALUABLE DISCOVERY.—A remarkable plant has been discovered in Ecuador, the toa from which is a certain cure for cancer. Dr. Keene has been sent to Ecuador to get information regarding its cultivation, and he pronounces the plant itself an undoubted antidote for cancer, and a most invaluable discovery for the medical faculty of the world.

A DISCOVERY has been made of coal of a valuable character on the lathmus of Passma. The discovery has been made at Uvero, at Jobonellio, and at Estenal, all lying between Aspirwaliand Purama. Several trials of the coal have been made by experienced engineers, and the reports are in the highest degree favourable. If this is confirmed the discovery must prove of the utmost value to com-

AN ACT OF NATIONAL JUSTICE.—The son of Dr Amer, and nephew of the celebrated discoverer of vaccination, is now, through adverse fortune, living in a very small cottage, with barely, the necessaries of life. Why not erect another monument to Dr. emory—not a stone one, but an annuit new of the man who has done so much for humanity?

humanity?

ENLARGEMENT OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—
The buildings behind the National Gallery are about to be pulled down and cleared away, to make room for the proposed extension of the National Gallery. They include Archbishop Tenison's Grammar School, for which an appropriate building is being erected in Leicester Square, from the designs of Mr. F. Marrable, the old St. Martin's Workhouse, and several other offices and houses extending northward to Hemming's Row. ard to Hemming's Row.

INSPECTION OF THE BOTTOMS OF WELLS.—Suffi-cient light to enable any one to see the water or earth at the bottom of a well can be directed down earth at the bottom or a well can be directed down the shaft by means of an ordinary looking-glass. If the well be under cover, two glasses will be required, and our own ingenious readers will, by a little ex-perimenting, soon be able to arrange them in the right positions.

RAISING THE WIND .- The latest American discovery appears to be the art of raising the wind-in the literal, not the figurative, sense. The New York papers report that at a place called Glen Falls, near that city, a farmer, wishing to burn a fallow of near that city, a farmer, wishing to burn a fallow of about fifteen or twenty acres, ignited the brush at several places at the outer edge. The flames rushed towards the centre and assumed a rotary motion, which increased in velocity till a terrific whirlwind

was formed, which tore up small trees, root and branch, and frightened everybody who witnessed it. A column of smoke ross to so great a height that it was visible for many miles, and a noise as loud as thunder accompanied this singular phenomenon.

THE INFLUENCE OF SEX ON CRIME.

THE INFLUENCE OF SEX. ON CRIME.

IN England the proportion of suicides and oriminals is nearly the same, the males thrice exceeding the females in both cases. As might be expected, the proportion between the sexes is more nearly equalised when the crime does not require physical strength. Thus in France forty-three out of a hundred poisoners were women. This is strongly in favour of the fair sex; for poisoning is the mode of destruction they must almost necessarily resort to, and, like vitriol-throwing, might almost be confined to women.

Men, it appears, are more addicted to crime, and they begin sooner. Criminal precocity is more common among boys than girls. The French statistics show that, out of 1,000 criminals, boys under 21 are 179, and girls under 21 are 145. The under 21 are 179, and girls under 21 are 145. The difference is not great, and may, perhaps, be explained by the fact that boys are, as a rule, thrown upon the world at an earlier age than girls. It would hardly be safe to say that boys show more inherent depravity. They are, of course, more difficult to control, just as strong and vigorous boys are more difficult to manage than weak ones. A curious fact shows this. In France parents have the privilege of taking ungovernable children before a magistrate, and of having them sent to prison for disobadience. Nearly twice as many boys as girls require this severity, the exact numbers being 62 to 38 in the hundred. This shows that, while boys are far more unmanageable than girls, they are scarcely at all more prone to crime.

at all more prone to crime.

The effect of the system of protection applied to women is seen when they are left alone to provide for their families. Out of 1,000 women convicted of crime, 100 are widows; while out of 1,000 men, only 34 are widowers. It must, however, be observed that the number of widowers and the true proportion would therefore be 100 to 68. The fact is the more striking when compared with the proportion of married men and women convicted. About six times as many married men as women are found guity of crime. It would thus appear that in crime, as in other pursuits, the brunt of the context is borne by the insends and, when that resource is no longer open. band; and, when that resource is no longer open, the wife must steal on her own account. An argument has been made out of this fact of a more sentimental kind. It is said: "Look to the statisties of marriage, and you will find that the sanctifying influence of that institution is six times more efficacious on women. There you find proof of their superior susceptibility to moral influences." This conclusion is adultive, but it has no forward in the rior susceptibility to moral influences." This con-clusion is seductive, but it has no foundation. If the pancity of married women in the ranks of crimi-nals were due to the elevating influences of matri-mony on their character, the effect of it should not disappear when their visible means of support was withdrawn. Rather we have in this an example of the well-known fact that any class in distress contri-butes largely to swell the ranks of crime.

A PRECIOUS LARGE STONE.—A large jasper atone has been found behind the West Protection Wall, Arbroath; it is a beautiful specimen of jasper, and is calculated to weigh from eight to ten ewt. It is to be sent on to Aberdeen to be polished.

HENRY IV. of France being told by his gardener that there were several spots at Fontainebleau in which no vegetable would grow, requested him to transplant a bed of attorneys, for they would flourish anywhere

STANDS IBELAND WHERE IT DID?—It is a curious fact, demonstrated by the recent British census, that the population of Ireland is actually less than the number of Irish who are now in the United States.

United States.

THE PROGRESS OF DISCOVERY.—Science has long been known to have a romantic aspect, and her wonders are becoming daily more numerous. Postry and the exercise of the imagination are exhibited by her most enthusiastic votaries; and a glance at our letter files will show her comic side, although humour must be considered as her last attribute. We condense a letter from a correspondent, address unknown, into the following statements, remarkable for their originality and the courage with which they are advanced: "Fat in the body is stored up during sleep. Nature makes us sleep more (if we let her) before a rain storm than at any other time, to give us an extra supply of fat for heating and waterproofing purposes. When we feel unusually drowsy (not having fatigued ourselves or taken a narcotic) we may feel perfectly certain that rain, hail, or snow will fall in our district within twenty-four hours."

th

are

CONTENTS.

	-	1000	
	Paga		Page
THEOUGH DARKNESS	-	WHY DID HE MARRY	
TO DAWH	313	HER?	328
CONCRETE GARDEN		LUCY'S DIAMONDS	330
WALKS	316	FASHION PAGE	333
FLIRTS	316	FACETIE 102	334
CLARS ORMOND	317	GEMS	335
THE PEARL ROCK	320	HOUSEBOLD TREASURES	335
THE SIAMESE TWINS	-	STATISTICS	335
SURPASSED	320	MISCRILLANEOUS	335
LIPE'S SHADOWS	320	WHEN THE DEW IS ON	
SCIENCE	323	THE ROSES	336
FORMATION OF GOLD	-	100	
NUGGETS	323	. —	No.
ELECTRO-PLATING IN-		CLARE ORMOND, com-	
SIDE OF LEAD PIPES	323	menced in	415
THERMOMETERS, AND	Caso	WHY DID HE MARRY	
HOW THEY ARE		HEEP commenced in	419
MADE	323	THE MYSTERY OF THE	-
DARTHOUTH	324	MOAT, commenced in	426
THE MYSTERY OF THE		THEOCON DARKHESS	-90
MOAT		TO DAWN, commenced	
EARTHQUARE IN CHINA	327	19	430
Danie douge in Oning	Comt	1 10 111	

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. B. is thanked for her letter.

P. H. E.—Ask a chemist to prescribe for you a dose of alterative medicine.

atternave meutene.

E. D.—Catherine Wilson was executed for the murder of Mrs. Sommes by poison on the 20th October, 1862.

M. B. E.—The handwriting is already very nice. Increased facility will of course be attained by careful

ETHEL MAY.—Both persons are still living. It is not within our province to publish the addresses of private individuals.

Walworth.—Copies of marriage certificates can be ob-tained, upon payment of the usual fee, at the Registrar General's Office, Somerset House.

A FARMER.—The duty upon eggs imported by this country was repealed in the year 1800. The duty about that time amounted to 20,000£ a-year.

AN AMBITIOUS ONE.—No such addresses can be published; an introduction must be sought by means of you private acquaintance.

private acquaintance.

M. C.—Turtles are said to be the longest-lived animals; ravens come next—some of this species are reported to have lived one hundred years. The domestic cat may live for ten years and the dog for twenty.

cat may live for ten years and the dog for twenty.

JENNIE.—You can obtain the certificate of your birth
at the Registrar General's Office, Somerset House, Loudon. The fee for search is one shilling; for a certified
oopy, an additional two shillings and sixpence.

T. James N.—1. Examinations of persons preliminary
to their employment in the civil Service have been enforced since 1855. 2. You should procure the "Guide to
the Civil Service," to be obtained by order of any bookseller.

Solier.

J. E. K.—Duties on wines, tobacco, and similar articles of consumption were first levied by the Long Parliament in 1643 to support the parliamentary forces during the battles they were fighting against King Charles
the First.

MANY.—1. The word "Joss" is often used by seamen and travellers to signify a Chinese idol, of which there are many descriptions. 2. Arthur Young, whose works have recently been so often quoted in connection with the state of Ireland, was a writer of the last century. He visited Ireland about a hundred years ago.

Ross Bud.—Take plenty of esercise and never mind the blushes. They are signs of youth and innoence, and, alas! are likely to pass away quite soon enough without any effort on your part to make them disappear. Let them stay with you as long as they will, for they are in-gredients in your beauty which should not be despised.

Softano.—It is we believe, correct to say that the perfect tones of the human voice amount to about nine only; but this is quite a different thing from the variety of sounds which can be produced by the human voice generally. These have been estimated at seventeen and a half millions, a number of which it is difficult to entertain a just conception.

A CLERK_-1. They can be detected by observant persons. Habit makes them comfortable. They are removed upon retring to rest or oftener. 2. Calisthenic exercise is the principal remedy for such alments. 3. No. 4. No. 5. Account books are kept clean by the tidy habits and well-washed hands of the persons by whom they are used.

whom they are used.

K. J.—Such a profession, like any other profession or art or science, can only be learned by a diligent course of practical study extending over some time. You should take counsel with your friends as to the especial instructor under whom you will place yourself, then apply as to terms, and set to work. He definite in your aim, and be prepared to encounter a good deal of labour and some disappointment.

and some disappointment.

H. J. H.—You should search first in the Court of Probate's registry for that district in which the testator resided at the time of his decease; if you do not find that the will was proved there, search in the principal registry of the Court of Probate, in London. The expense of a copy depends upon the length of the will Wills of deceased persons must be deposited in the Court of Probate. of Probate.

of Probate.

J. B.—When the custom of the roasting of barons of beef in the baronial halls of our old nobility fell into decay, and the magnificent old joints began to be divided into less dignified proportions, then perhaps it was that "sir" was prefixed to a portion of the loin not—as you would have it, to elevate that solid piece of flesh to the quality of knighthood, but to mark its separation from the noble and exalted degree of baron. And when

a certain epicurean dignitary was so partial to s precise portion of a leg of mutton that ten sheep hardly supplied his necessities for one meal, then that especial spot in the anatomy of a sheep was called the "Pope's keep."

Eye."

S. N. C.—The fashions and customs change with the times, but the old customs or something like them are revived after the lapse of time. The sale of periodicals and books at stalls erected for that purpose at railway stations is sometimes spoken of as a nevelty of the age; but the railway is the only part of the nevelty, a bookseller's business having been anciently carried on in stalls or stations. stalls or stations

stalls or stations.

EMMA-J. The exhibition of 1862 remained open about a fortnight longer than did the exhibition of 1831. But the latter was attended by the larger number of visitors. In 1851, from May 1 to October 15, 6,170,000 persons visited the exhibition; in 1862, from May 1 to November 1, the total number of visitors was 8,117,450. The foreign exhibitors in 1851 were 6,566; in 1862, 16,456. 2. The Prince Consort, that is the husband of Her Majesty the Queen, died on the 14th December, 1861.

LAWE T. A. Serversum is a more direct weapon than an

died on the 14th December, 1851.

James T.—A sarcasm is a more direct weapon than an ironical expression, and is a keen reproach not likely to be misundoratood, notwithstanding that it is conveyed by words ironically employed. Ironies, on the contrary, sometimes escape the apprehension of the dull witted, who do not understand when words convey a different sense to that which they express, nor perceive the peculiar look and ascent which can give to a phrase the reverse meaning of what it literally signifies.

TONG AGO.

Sweet as the Jubilate that rang
When the vast universe unrolled,
While all the stars together sang,
And morning smote her lyre of gold—
The happy tunult of the springs,
The wild delight, the bloom and glow,
Thrilled my young heart's exultant strings
To perfect music—long ago!

To perfect music—long ago!

Lessons in things all lowly spoke

Through puring brook and daisied sod,

While from the face of nature broke

A solemn light that showed me God.

The whole wide earth was fair and good—
On every golden page of youth

The Rose of Love, the Lily Truth,

Blossomed in royal marriagehood.

Hossomed in royal marriagenood.
Yet, even then, a hase of tears
Hung gleaming on the verge of morn,
And prophenied the coming years,
As rainbows, of the sunrise born,
Foretell the storm that, brooding low,
Shall break ere you pale dise of stars
Wheels its respleudent crescent slow
Above the twilight's crystal bars.

Above the twilight's crystal bars.
And now the silver palms that waved
Me welcome from the years gone by,
Where living fountains leapt and laved,
Lie withered, and the founts are dry.
No more for me the wondrous spells
Wrought by the fairy dreams of yore;
The leafy joy of hills and dells
Can touch my weary heart no more!

Can touch my weary heart no more!

E. A. B.

Charles B.—The notion you entertain is wrong; it may classed among other popular errors, a complete list of which would be tedious to read if it could possibly be given. A dead body cannot be arrested for debt. It is equally erroneous to say that a funeral passing over private grounds creates a right of way. That first cousins may marry, but that second consins may not; the truth being that they may both marry with each other. That persons born at sea have a right of settlement in Stopney parish. That a butcher cannot be sworn on a coroner's jury. That a lease for upwards of 59 years creates a freehold. That to disinherit a person the sum of one shilling should be bequeathed. All these are popular errors.

T. B.—The careful perusal of your verses creates an impression that they are not what they are said to be. There is good music in your measures, and bad burlesque in words intended to bear a serious import. Then the manifest screatic sportiveness of the third verse, added to other melodramatic terminations, suggest the notion that what might have been, or perhaps once was a tolerable composition has been allowed to appear as an absurdity, or is something slightly altered from an original without being improved by the process. The other stanzas are marked by undue exaggeration and a departure from the sentiments outoriously prevalent at the time which cannot be justified by any known rules or examples of postiel leonee.

WILD ROSE PAGE wants a husband about forty, tall, seed lockive and ware locked.

WILD ROSE PAGE wants a husband about forty, tall, good looking, and very loving. She is twenty-one, petite, and has curly hair.

HENRY A., twenty-eight, 5ft. 2in., fair, good tempere ving, and about to emigrate, wishes to marry a wide aving about 300l. and not more than two children.

Lissie, twenty-one, medium height, golden hair, large gray eyes, pretty, and amiable. Respondent must be industrious, kind, and cheerful.

ANSE, nineteen, petits, brown hair and oyes, and good tempered. Respondent must be loving, steady, have good principles and fair prospects.

ANNE seventeen, dark brown hair. Bespondent must be a steady young man, about twenty; a member of the Catholic Church preferred.

FAIR AS A LILT, twenty-two, tall, dark hair and eyes, fond of home, cheerful, and good looking. Respondent must be tall, dark, and fond of home; a cabinet-maker preferred.

LILY DAIR, twenty, medium height, fair complexion, good tempered, affectionate, and would make a happy little wife. Respondent should be about twenty-three, and able to keep a wife.

A. S., twenty-six, good looking, good tempered, in cood circumstances, and would make a good husband

espondent must be a good-looking young lady, with ir hair, blue eyes, loving, domesticated, and fond of

MOLLY is desirous of marrying a tall gentleman, who kind, and has the ments of making a comfortable ome. She is rather short, but would do her best to make him happy.

The Telcolors,

THE TRICOLOUZ, twenty-five, rather short, dark hair, t very good looking, would like to marry a pretty ung widow, with fair hair, or a young lady about his ra age.

Own age.

ROBE LESTER, nineteen, medium height, brown hair, blue eyes, very affectionate, and merry. Hespondent must be a young man of good principle, and about two or three years her senior; a mechanic preferred.

must be a young man or good principle, and about two or three years her senior; a mechanic preferred.

Maud, eighteen, tall, brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, loving, and domesticated. Respondent should be dark, good looking, of good principles, and about three years her senior; a mechanic preferred.

EMILY and KERNY.—"Emily," twenty-two, clear complexion, havel eyes, fair hair, and affectionates "McZNY," twenty, dark brown hair, blue eyes, cheerful, and domesticated. Bespondents must be tall, dark, and fond of home; Scotamen preferred.

Two FRIENDS.—"Marian P.," th'rty, happy disposition, loving, and domesticated; would like to marry two true-hearted men. Bespondents must be dark; loving and fond of home; one thirty-two, the other twenty-five. Maseix and Rosks.—"Magic," eighteen, medium height, ladylike, fair, domesticated, and would make a good wife. Resie, "esventeen, a brunette, well educated, and affectionate. Respondents must be dark, well educated, have a good income, and bo friends.

cated, have a good income, and be friends.

Lilt and Ethel.—"Lily," nineteen, medium height.
long brown curls, brown eyes, clear complexion, and
ladylike. "Ethel," eighteen, fair, tall, blue eyes, and
pretty; both have small incomes. Respondents must
be tall and gentlemanly.

ce tall and gentlemanly.
CHINA JACK, thirty-one, 5ft. 6 n., a carpenter, of steady habits, fond of home, loving, kind, dark hair, whiskers, and moustache, a widower, with two young children.
Respondent must be a young Englishwoman, about twenty-nine, dark, good looking, good tempered, loving, and kind.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED :

Communications Received:

Lily is responded to by—"Cogg Bacer," 5ft. 8in., dark, bushy whiskers and moustache, and a jovial, good tempered disposition; he holds a position in the Navy, has a few pounds in the bank, is loving, and fond of home. Lorent Ones by—"A. B. S.," thirty, dark, a syinster, loving, domesticated and fond of home.

W. B. y—"M. J. B.," twenty-three, dark hair, good tempered, domesticated, and would make a good wife.

J. M. by—"M. S.," twenty-four, dark hair and eyes, good tempered, and domesticated.

Casous by—"Zinger Page," twenty, dark hair and eyes, loving disposition, and fond of life.

P. E. by—"Constance," seventeen, dark hair and eyes, fair complexion, and has a very loving heart.

ALICE BLOWN by—"C. J. W.," who believes he has all the necessary requirements she desires.

Beneralm by—"A Derbyshire Lass, "twenty-three, 5ft. 2in., light complexion, brown hair and eyes, amiable, loving, and industrious.

ANNE P. by—"Charlie," thirty-five, 5ft. 10in., rather stout, of gentlemally manners, well educated, intellectual, very affectionate, and fond of home.

Euthenstras by—"Lancelot," tall, dark, very good looking, worth now about 2901. a-year, very fond of music, and very tired of single life.

Z. Y. X. by—"May Brown," seventeen, 4ft. 10in., fair, blue eyes, brown hair, good tempered, and fond of home and children.

Fard W. by—"Annie Ford," dark hair and eyes, petite, ladylike, good tempered, affectionate, domesticated, can play and sing well, and would like to hare "Frede carte.

LONELY WILL by—"Anne, Thirty, a widow, with a small family and comfortable home; and —"Mara."

play and sing well, and would like to have "Prod's carde.

Lonely Will by—"Anne," thirty, a widow, with a small family and comfortable home; and —" Mara' twenty-six, 5ft sin., hazel eyes, jet black hair, industrious, loving, and fond of home.

The Four Messmates by—"Minnie," twenty-six, short, fair, and affectionate ("E.N.E");—"Haura' twenty-four, pesits, black curly hair, saucy black eyes, and lively ""C.H.S.");—"Rose," 5ft, fair, blue eyes, golden hair, an only child, loving, good tempered, and very pretty ("O.R."); and—"Dark Bessy," twenty-one, medium height, with a wealth of cheatmat rippling hair, loving hazel eyes, and of a jolly disposition ("H.S.").

Jupu wishes to exchange cards with "A Farmer's Son." Religered Communications—The announcements or responses of "Miss E." "Happy Bill," Jack Anchor," "Rambling Tom," "The Sea." The Goesn." "Crossed the Line." "Harry Fearful," "Jack Turret," "Tom Binnacle," "George Fearless," "Tom Locker," and "Young Hopeful," being not sufficiently authenticated or in other respects out of rule, cannot be inserted.

EVERYBODY'S JOURNAL, Parts 1 to 4, Price Threepence

Cach.
THE LONDON BEADER, Post-free Three-halfpence
Weekly; or Quarterly One Shilling and Eightpence.

. Now Ready, Vol. XVI. of THE LORDON BEADER, Price 4s. 6d.
Also, the TITLE and INDEX to Vol. XVI. Price ONE

PENNY. NOTICE -- Part 99, for August, Now Ready, price 7d., with large Supplement Sheet of the Fashious for

N.B.—CORRESPONDENTS MUSI ADDRESS THEIR LETTERS TO THE EDITOR OF "THE LOSDON READER," 334, Strand, W.C. 134 We cannot undertake to return Rejected Mass-scripts. As they are sent to us voluntarily, authors should retain copies.

the of

m-ild ut

dy rs, on. out

rk,

all

ift.

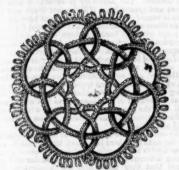
od

H

for

TATTED ROSETTE, CRAVAT BOW, BOUDOIR PILLOW, EMBROIDERED PILLOW CASE, COLLAR, &c., &c.

TATTED ROSETTE.—No. 1.
(Evans's Boar's Head Cotton, No. 16.)
This rosette consists of closed rounds worked with two threads. The smaller rounds are also worked with two threads and with double knots as the illustration shows. Conclude with double knots carried through the rounds.



TATTED ROSETTE .- No. 1.

CRAVAT BOW IN REPS RIBBON AND

GUIPURE.—No. 2.

For this bow select a fashionable colour, and line the loops with net. The angular corners are edged with guipure worked with black silk. The knots have a similar trimming.

BOUDOIR PILLOW.—No. 3.

This pillow, the case of which should be cut so as to assume the form of a pear, must be filled with down.

The outer covering consists of strips of fine brown cloth in various shades. Cut the various parts according to the illustration, and observe that on the lighter shades of cloth the braid used lighter shades of cloth the braid used to embroider this pillow must always be darker than the cloth embroidered, and lighter on the dark cloth. Plain brown cloth is used for the centre. The edges must previously have been righted

EMBROIDERED COVER FOR A
PILLOW CASE,—No. 4.
MULL muslin is employed for this
cover. A garland of leaves surrounding a crown and a name or eigher compose the central criamentation. Embroidered muslin conceals the joining on of fri-sure of the same material. Coloured sarcenet bows at the corners serve as trimming for this cover.

COLLAR.-No. 5 MUSLIN is employed for this collar, and the facings are composed of folds of the same material. These



EMBROIDERED COVER FOR A PILLOW CASE.—No. 4.

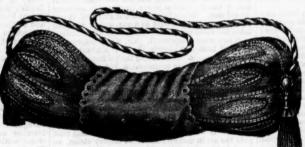
facings are edged with Valenciennes, and the joinings are concealed by strips of embroidery.

FASHIONS.

Summer Mantles.—New mantles and mantelets with sleeves are being introduced for evening and carriage wraps, and to wear on the seashore. Algérienne in alternate stripes of satin and wool is used for this purpose, also soft white cashmeres with gay fringed borders, while very elegant ball closks are of

China crape and lace and even of rose or blue silk under white organdie. A novelty reported from abroad is called the Anderlon mantelet. One model abroad is called the Anderlon mantelet. One model is of black China crape edged with black lace. The front is a round mantle, the back is a casaque with a hood, the sleeves are wide and open to the shoulder. Insertions of Valenciennes and bias bands of black gros grain form the hood. A mantelet of white crape is trimmed with black velvet and feather fringe, and another of violet crape is lightly embroidered with gold. A sortie du bal is of white organdie lined with rose-coloured silk, trimmed with tassel fringe and passementerie. The hood is deeply pointed and or-namented with bows with floating ends. Similar hows fasten the front. bows fasten the front.

FANS.—The newest fans have long sticks in the FARS.—The newest fans have long sticks in the centre, with short ones en each side, forming a horse-shoe shape when opened; others have sticks of different lengths, making deep vandykes at the top; but neither shape is as pretty as the old regular half-circle. The fan most used, serving for plain and dressy occasions alike, is made of yellow ivory sticks, highly polished, either plain or carved, strung together by a narrow ribbon. The fan for brides and for full dress is of white satin and point lace, mounted on nearl sticks. Pompadour fans, to accompany the on pearl sticks. Pompadour fans, to accompany the pretty afternoon costumes of summer, have sticks of white enamelled wood mounted with rose, blue, or white shamelied wood mounted with rose, blue, or white silk cut in leaf shape, with a Watteau scene painted on each leaf. Violet-wood fans, breathing forth a delicious odour, are quaintly carved and ornamented with the monogram of the owner. Another fragrant fau, and a most substantial one for excurriagnat Ian, and a most substantial one for excursions, travelling, etc., is of Russian leather, dark marroon, with a line of gilt on each stick. Such fans have cord and gimp strings for fastening them to the belt on the right side. Small Japanese and fancy straw fans, and the inevitable palm leaf, form acceptable articles of furniture—shall we say?—in summer parlours. parlonra



BOUDOIR PILLOW .- No. 3.

GLOVES.—Palest primrose buff is the leading colour in the new stock of gloves, and next in proportion is pale gray with a lavender cast—a shade especially pretty with black toilettes. Gloves fastened by but one button are seldom seen on well-dressed ladies. Long-wristed gloves, the wrist piece cut in one with the glove instead of being a separate band, are preferred. Those fastened by two or three buttons are most used in the daytime. From four to six buttons are on evening gloves. Those without fancy stitching on the back are in best taste.

SUMMER SHOES.—French heels are entirely out of fashion for walking shoes. The fashionable shoe for the street is a French kid buttoned boot, measuring seven or seven and a half inches from

measuring seven or seven and a half inches from the top of the back seam to the heel-tap, with toes medium rounded and thick heels slightly curved et broad at the bottom and an inch and a quarter ligh. The ornamentation is a light stitching of white silk, zigzag or in fence rows. Two rows of this stitching are round the vamp of the boot and this stitching are round the vamp of the boot and up the instep seams. The button-holes are worked with white and the scalloped top of the boot is overcast to match. The effort to revive side-laced boots failed. Ladies who have the bad taste to wear fancy boots have box toes, heels an inch and a half high, and elaborate ornaments of patent leather in appliqué, stitched with white. These are usually laced on the side. Fan or tasselled stitching is passé. Now that dress skirts are lengthened, ladies are beginning to wear low buskins for carriage shoes, and when shopping in the morning or for country wear, but they are not and probably never will be adopted for general use in the streets. The prettiest buskin, called the Diana tie, is shaped like the low shoe gentlemen wear, with a tongue-piece on

the low shoe gentlemen wear, with a tongue-piece on the instep and the sides tied over it. A similar bus-kin more faucifully decorated is called the eroquet shoe. House slippers still retain the Marie Antoinette shape, with pointed back, French heels, and long oval

FIGHUS.—These are not much worn at present. The only novelty is in those of the favourite duchesse lace. The newest shapes are without long sash ends, simply lapping in front. The prettiest Valenciennes fichus have insertion strips in the centre of the cape, with a border of medallions.

BODIES.—Swiss muslin bodies or blouses have a

BODIES.—Swiss muslin bodies or blouses have a large Marie Antoinette collar of lace and appliqué embroidery, with flowing ruffles on the sleeves. Linen blouses or habit shirts, pleasant for morning and country wear, are made of fine linen. They are not



CRAVAT Bow .- No. 2.

fastened to a belt, but are made long on the hips and fastened to a belt, but are made long on the hips and held snugly at the waist by drawing-strings. There are three box-pleats an inch wide down the centre and back. The collar is a standing band with turned-over points in front; the sleeves are ample, coatshaped, slightly gathered into a square cuff of doubled linen. These waists are also made of striped linens, a bold stripe of black or scarlet making the most stylish garments.

stylish garments.

MORNING COSTUMES .- Lovely white robes for summer mornings are displayed robes for summer mornings are displayed ready made. They are of Swiss muslin or organdie—a demi-train and little sacque that will fit almost any one. One style has a wide flounce round the skirt, hemmed but covered with needlework, while on the front width are three flounces extending to the belt. Another has an embroidered tablier over the whole front width, with three flounces on all the other widths. For invalids are loose, flowing robes of thicker fabric; the upper part is tucked to outline a yoke. Tucks and

robes of thicker fabric; the upper part is tucked to outline a yoke. Tucks and patent Valenciennes extend down the front and round the slightly trained skirt. Very simple morning robes of Gabrielle shape are made of nansook with tucks and puffs down the front, and a little lace on the collar and sleeves. Elaborately trimmed robes have diagonal puffs between bands of needlework and the skirt finished with a fluted flounce edged with Valenciennes. Swiss muslin flounces in pleats all turned one way appear in various ways on summer



COLLAR.-No. 5.

toilettes. In the broadest patterns, about six inches wide, they are used for freshening up last year's silks, two such flounces being placed round the trained skirt, and the evening toilette completed by a simple upper skirt of Swiss muslin and a basque, or also a polonaica trimmed to reactly. or else a polonaise trimmed to match. This is a stylish plan for black silks as well as light ones. Ladies who desire to make their own flounces are advised that they are menely crossway strips of Swiss

muslin hemmed ou each edge and laid in the kilt pleats so often described, not sawed in tucks, but iroused flatly after being pleated, and held down by a band of the Swiss a quarter of an inch wide stitched on with two rows of attaching an inch below the top. On broad flounces the hem on the lower edge is ar inch wide, the upper edge very narrow.

THE EYE AND ITS DANGERS.

THE BIE AND ITS DANGES.

THE most dangerous thing which can happen to the eye is the lodgment of some foreign body within it. Amongst all classes of mechanics such injuries are constantly occurring, from chips of metal flying off from the instruments they are using, or the work

are constantly occurring, from chips of metal flying off from the instruments shey are using, or the work on which they are employed. So also in the stone workers, metal grinders, polishers, engineers, etc., all of whom are thrown out of employment by the loss of an eye, and reduced from comparatively affluent circumstances almost to beggary. Amongst children, pieces of percussion caps, pins from the ends of darts, small stones or shot from bows, toy guns, etc., only too often strike the eye with sufficient force to penetrate and destroy the globe.

It is impossible for a person himself or those about him to decide whether a piece of iron or other foreign body has entered the eyeball and remains there. This the ophthalmic surgeon alone can do by looking into the eye, through the pupil, by means of a peculiar mirror, called the ophthalmoscope. He can then see the foreign body, and perhaps make a drawing of it, which the patient may recognise as corresponding to the portion which has flown off from the instrument or tool he was using at the time he met with the injury. Now this deciding whether or not the foreign body is in the eyeball is all important. If it has merely out a hole in the eyeball, and dropped out behind the eye, the patient may escape with perfect vision; but if it, no matter how small, has entered the eyeball, there is not one chance in a million of the eye being saved, and an even chance whether the other eye is not also lost, from what is called sympathetic inflammation attacking it.

In many parts of the system a foreign body, like

mation attacking it.

In many parts of the system a foreign body, like In many parts of the system a foreign body, like a needle, splinter, bullet, etc., may remain perfectly quiet and do no harm. Not so, however, in the eye; here it is fatal to sight in the injured, and perhaps the other cycalso. Its presence may at once destroy the eye by exciting acute and active inflammation. After such destruction, and when only a portion of the eye is left with the foreign substance in it, this remaining portion of the globe is liable, at any time, to repeated attacks of inflammation. Even if the sound eye has not been previously attacked, in some one of these outbursts of inflammation in the stump, this insidious and dangerous sympathetic trouble comes on, taking at first the form of weakness, in-ability to bear the light, slight pain and discomfort. These symptoms increase in severity, and a gradual change takes place, the eye degenerating and sight takes place, the eye degenerating and sight change

Change takes passed being lost.

The only remedy for such sympathetic inflammation is the removal of the cause, namely, the eye or the stump, with the foreign body in it. This, if done too late, may not save the second eye. An eye with a foreign substance within the eyeball never should be allowed to remain. The usual operation for its be allowed to remain. The usual operation for its removal is so simple and effective, and the subsequent wearing of an artificial eye so facilitated, that there need be, in these days of ether, no fear or dread of the operation. It is only in the rarest instances that a foreign body has been removed from

within the eyeball.

A glass eye can be worn generally within a fortnight of the removal of an useless or painful globe. Cold water and the solution of atropine are all that can be recommended, besides quiet and protection from light, before proper surgical assist ce is ob-

SOUTHERN SCIENCE.—The Australians are duly preparing for the total colipse of the sun, which will take place in December next. The Royal Society of New South Wales is organising an expedition to Cape Sidmonth, a little south of Cape York. The president of the Royal Society of London has arranged that a few instruments of the newest construction shall be sent out from this country.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.—It is stated in some French journals that the committee of engineers appointed to report ou the construction of a tunnel

pointed to report on the construction of a tunnel across the channel between England and France have accepted the plan of M. Thomé de Gamond. The works are proposed to be commenced on one side at Dieppe and on the other at Newhaven. The cost is estimated at 225,000,000 france, and the duration of the work six years, 1877 being the date

named for its completion.

PASSPORTS.—Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs has received from Her Majesty's Consul at Calais a despatch respecting pas-ports, of which the following is an extract: "I have the honour to report that, notwithstanding the pub-licity given to the regulations at present in force

regarding passports in this country, cases still daily occur of persons landing at this port either without a passport at all, or without the French visa; they are in consequence, unable to proceed on their journey, and are either compelled to return to London or have to wait at Calais."

A SCIENTIFIC PARADOX -FREEZING BY HEAT.

BY HEAT.

The fact that there now exist several machines which through the consumption of coal produce ice is one quite inexplicable to many; and perhaps while we are enjoying our iced drinks, so grateful in the hot weather suddenly come apon us, an explanation of this apparent paradox may not be unacceptable. That heat should directly or indirectly produce cold seems, at first thought, an impossibility; nevertheless, in the laboratory of nature this is an operation constantly going on; and it is in this wise: in this wise :

Whenever a body changes from a solid to a liquid atate, or from a liquid to a supersus condition; large amounts of sensible heat disappear. Either the temperature (sensible heat) of the body itself falls very much lower than it was before its ubange of atate, or sensible heat is abstracted from surround state, or sensible heat is abstracted from surrounding bodies to maintain the expanding substance of its former temperature. The heat abstracted and stored up in the body, so that it no longer produces the effects popularly included in the team "theating," has been called latent heat. Its amount waries greatly in different solids, liquids, and vapours. Now there are two ways in which bodies, may be expanded, namely: by adding to their heat—sonsible or latent, or both—or by removing the pressure their surfaces sustain. Or we may, if we choose, impart heat and remove pressure simultaneously. Thus the gas chlorine, when salimitted to a pressure of about four atmospheres; becomes a liquid, and will remain so as long as the pressure is continued. During the act of compression, it gives off a certain amount of heat, which is the exact equiva-

tinued. During the act of compression, it gives off a certain amount of heat, which is the exact equivalent of the mechanical power employed in reducing its volume. When the pressure is removed, it expands to its original bulk as a gas, and in so doing takes the same amount of heat, from other bodies, as it lost when compressed. Air, when compressed gives off heat, and absorbs the same amount again when it expands. In reducing the volume of bodies, we may not only use compression, but we may also abstract heat by bringing them into contact with colder bodies, thus powerfully aiding the mechanical power in bringing about the desired result.

But mechanical power is only another name for heat, the source of all terrestrial power. If we em-

ploy, a water wheel to generate our power we find this possible only because heat has raised the water for us. If we use wind as a motor, it is heat that puts the air in motion; and if we employ steam, we must do the same thing. If we use an electro-motor we find our materials prepared for us through the

we find our materials prepared for us through the same agency.

The various ice machines employ volatile materials such as expand into gas at ordinary temperatures, or at least do so when atmospheric pressure is removed from their surfaces. In thus expanding they abstract heat from water placed in suitable vessels, brought into contact with the absorbing bodies. The expanded gases are next compressed, the heat given off during the compression being absorbed by some other body—most generally water. The condensed and cooled materials are then allowed to expand in contact with the vessels containing the water to be frozen again, and so on re-

lowed to expand in contact with the vessels con-taining the water to be frezen again, and so on re-peatedly until ice is produced.

Thus we see that heat indirectly produces cold, and this is only an expression of a general law. No-thing can gain heat without loss of heat in some-thing class, and though the gain or loss may be latent and not appear in the temperature, yot we may be sure that the sum total is always the same.

AN OLD PORTRAIT.

AN OLD PORTRATT.

OVER a doorway in Holyrood Palace hangs the time-stained picture of a young man, and the visitor passing beneath it steps back to look again, and wonder to whom among the gallants and warriors and Puritans of Queen Mary's court the resolute face belongs. There is character in the portrait. With that compact, well-filled head, those firm features, a little pale and worn, as if books had stolen their first youthful freshness, the original must need have made himself a name in his world, one thinks; that it was so history testifies, for this is James Crichton.

thinks; that it was so history testifies, for this is James Crichton.

Born in Perthshire in 1561, he came of a good family, his father being Lord Advocate to King James VI. The bey went early to St. Andrew's University, so early that at the age of fourteen he took the degree of Master of Arts, and a year or two later started for the Continent, according to the fashion of the time. He arrived at Paris, armed with an astonishing mass of erudition, and chal-

lenged all comers to dispute with him at the College of Navarre, on any subject, in Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, Latin, Spanish, English, Italian, German, or French, as the combatants might choose. For six French, as the combatants might choose. For six weeks previous to the time appointed, fifty learned antagonists studied how they might confound this aspiring youth of sixteen, who for his part was fore-most in all the gaiety of gay Paris; and danced and hunted as if there were no College of Navarres in the

At last the great day arrived, and the dectors and young Crichton stood in the crowded ball ready for the contest. The assembly is breathless with interest and sympathy. Will he not flinch now the time is come? Surely he had better not have danced away these six precious weeks! No need for fear; he plays with the hard questions, and turns his adversaries which way he pleases; he speaks the nine languages as if each werd his mother-tonguo—no confusion of idlom, each word is ready as he wants it; ask him an Arabic question, and he answers it in Hebrew, and so on through the nine, and there are at least five hundred questions asked. One can fancy how beautiful eyes glisten at his victory, and what a thunder of applause greets the conqueror: well may the president embrace him, with a world of fine compliments, and present to him a purse of gold and a diamond. At last the great day arrived, and the ductors

of the compliments and present to their everything, gold and a diamond.

He seems to have found time to learn everything, for the next day there is a great tilting match, and he competes for the prize, and is pronounced victor fifteen different times. He is so popular and admired that they mame him the Admirable. For three years we do not hear much of him, for he serves under Henri III. against the Protestants, whom the king found troublesome; but at the end of that time he goes to Rome, and disputes and harangues in the presence of the Pope and Cardinals; thence to Venice, yet railing royally as the Sea-bride. We find that here he was melancholy and depressed: for one thing very poor, despitchis salaristics. We find that here he was melanchly and depressed; for one thing very poor, despitehts honourable name; perhaps, too, he was somewhat weary of this perpetual homage, this unceasing dazzle; perhaps, like the royal philosopher of old, he was beginning to find vanity even in learning and brilliant gifts.

Crichton lived at Venice for four months, and ewed much to the help and kindness of Aldas Manutius, a printer there, who afterwards dedicated a book to him with a very pompous preface. He next moved to Padas, where he had two more contests, resulting, as usual, in his victory and brilliant success; but it seems to us a significant fact that he there delivered an address on the Pleasness. of ignorance; it may have been only an affectation, a fresh vehicle for displaying his power; or he may have rested for a moment with real salief on the thought of a quiet, obscure man harassed by no learning, and unsated by flattery, whose name the world would meet with neither appliance nor jeers. The Admirable, with all the applause he gained, did not escape the jeers; for we read that at one place where he had affixed his placards to the walls, a wit wrote beneath, "And whosoever wishes to see him must go the 'Falcon' inn, where he will be shown.

FACETIÆ

SHOPPY.-Even in the matter of dress our doctor's taste is thoroughly professional—he prefers a "mixture."—Punch.

"THE BEST OF ALL GOOD COMPANY."—The Comédie Française. We were only too sorry to part with such good company.—Punch.

NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTE.

Nurse (in the distance): "La, Miss Loo! whatever har you hat?"

Miss Loo: "I'm only painting Dolly's face, to make her look like ma of an afternoon."

YOU DON'T CATCH OAD BREDS WIFE CHAFF.— Old Lady: "Oh, it's from your pa, is it, Master Tom? Well, the telegraph may be very wonderful, but it don't take me in, and if that your pa's writing, I'll eat my head."

A THREATENED NICK-NAME.—Should the Government think it necessary to divide any more of their measures—the Ballot Bill, for instance—they will run a great risk of being known as the "Half-and-Half" administration.—Punch.

THE TYRANNY OF A MASTERS .- Ann to Liva: "Well, there, I am supprised at master avin' seven men 'ere at work, and not one good-lookin' un amongst 'em! he did sughter be 'shamed of 'isself!"

EATING AND PEEDING.

Farmer: "Well, my man, and how much do you want a-day?"

Irish Labourer: "Shillin' a-day and you ate me, or eighteenpence a-day and I ate myself."—Fun.

FRENCH POLITICE.—We read a great deal in the newspapers, and learn very little, about the "Situa-tion in France." The only situation which we know

g. nd

or he ts, nd

oly

hat

ing nd Lce. ril

res

the the

alla.

doc-

The

rhat-, to 77.rful.

Go. re of they Half-Lina: seveu n' un self!"

o you e me, in the

Situaknow anything about there with certainty is the situation of sovereign, and all we know of that is that is vacant, and not at present likely to be filled.—Punch.

Zealous Adjutant fto one of his men who is late at the firing): "Don't run, don't run! There's plenty of time!"

of time!"

London Volunteer (enviously): "Oh, let him run if he likes, sir, and keep himself warm!"—Punch.
"HA! HA! THE WOOIN' O'T!"—Old Song.
Young Mistress (gravely; she had seen an affectionate parting at the garden gate): "I see you've got a young man, Jane!"

Jane (apelogetically): "Only walked out with him once, naum!"

Mistress: "Oh, but I thought I saw—dish't you—didn't he—take a kiss, Jane?"

Jane: "Oh, mum, only as a friend, mum!"
THE ACTIVE BOARD—A deputation of the Tag-

Jane: "Oh, mum, only as a friend, mum!"

THE ACTIVE BOARD.—A deputation of the Teadealers and Grocers' Association, the other day, waited on the Right Hononrable Chichester Fortescue, at the Board of Trade Office, to complain of the continued importation of spurious tea, and ask the Government to do something to prevent it from coming into consumption. Of course the answer they got from the Eight Honourable gentleman on behalf of himself and colleagues was, delivered with courteous circumlocution, in effect non passumus.—Punch.

conrecous circumlocution, in affect non passumus.—

Punch.

ODD THOUGHTS ABOUT ODD THINGS.

ORLY HIS (SAIL)WAY.

"Prince Bismarck," a contemporary informs us,
"lately received a deputation of the directors of the
German railway companies, who waited upon him
for the purpose of presenting him with a railway
carriage. The Imperial Chancellor thanked the
gentlemen in the warmest terms, and stated that
he had never received a more welcome present, or
one more likely to be of use to him." Is it possible
that any one has dared to think the cerriage of the
great and only Bismarck could be improved?—Judy.

BETS AND BUDGET.—If Mr. Robert Lowe were
not weeded to the idea of raising revenue by simply
amercing the income tax payer, he might, as Finance
Minister, turn an houst penny by getting a clause
added to the Govarnment Betting Bill by imposing
a tax on bets, to be paid by the winner. He would
thus derive lucellum from a source which would
yield it without the hardship of its extraction out
of lux. But probably, as the very principle on which
he professes to arrange taxation is that of making
it disagreeable, Mr. Lowe's objection to a Bet-tax
would be the peculiarity that it would put nobody's
pipe out.—Punch.

BLIND JUSTICE.—How edifying is the administration of English instine.

pipe out. Plach.

BLIND JUSTICE.—How edifying is the administration of English justice! Under an obsolete statute Bee Wright was allowed to go on persecuting small traders for eking out their limited means by Sunday selling. At last, under the same statute, an application was made for a summons against certain purreyors to Kensington Palace for Sunday-trading in the shape of salmon and ice. Then justice awoke, and said no more-summonses would be granted to any one! When the applications made for summonses only deprived struggling poor people of their means of living, Justice kept her bandage over her eyes. But when the convenience and comfort of royal personages was threatened she whipped off the bandage and used it to wipe out the obnivious statute? Who, after this, can say English justice is blind?—Fun.

notious statute? Who, after this, can may English justice is blind? —Fun.

A MOAN PEOM A FREEMAN.

Mr. Punch, —That I should live to hear that the House of Commons have abolished nomination days at elections, levelled the hustings, swept away speeches, cheers, processions, bands of munic, shows of hands, ladies in the balcony, showers of stones, dead cats, unsavoury eggs, retuse vegetables, fun, fighting, torn coats, and broken heads! The trade in diachylon plaster will be seriously affected, and the roughs, lambs, or whatever they are called, will positively want for beer! Nothing seems safe from the destructive hand of the Lower House. All our cld institutions, all our cherished landmarks, all our venerable bulwarks are disappearing one after the other; and if the hallot box is thrust down our throats, it will become next to impossible to give or to get a nice little douceur. I have heard—but this I can hardly swallow—that it has actually been proposed to interfere between a man and his beer, and to prevent people drinking as much as they please! However, in the midst of all these revolutionary and republican changes, I have onsure stay, one sheet anchor, to cheer me up—the House of Lords; and I feel confident that in this, the latest instance of Democratic tyranny, that time-honoured assembly will see the danger to the Constitution which lurks in the monstrous attempt to deprive us, the free and independent, of another of our Palladiums—our nomination days.

ONE OF THE OLD SOET.

Littleborough, Saturday Evening.

A MEDICAL MISEE.—The following anecdote is told of Velpuan, the sminent French surgeon, who

was a miserly, disagreeable man, and died a few years ago. He had successfully performed a most perilous operation on a little child five years old. The mother came to him and said: "Monsieur, my son is saved, and I really know not how to express my gratitude; allow me, however, to present you with this pocket-book, embroidered by my own hands." "Oh, madame," replied Velpeau, sharply, "my art is not merely a question of feeling. My life has its requirements, like yours. Dress, even, which is a luxury to you, is necessary for me. Allow me, therefore, to refuse your charming little present, in exchange for a more substantial remuneration." "But, monsieur, what remaneration do you desire fir the fee yourself." "Five thousand france, madame." The lady very quietly opened the pocketbook, which contained ten thousand-franc-notes, counted out five, and after politely handing them over to Velpeau, retired. Imagine his feelings!

THE GLORY OF LABOUR.

The brow of Labour wears a wreath
Of honour, wrought by hands of love,
Whose flowers shall triumph over death, Whose flowers shall triumph over death
And riper grow above.
When God shall call the toiler hence,
And crown him with his recompense,
Then shall all stains of mortal sense,
All imperfections die,
And in their place shall shine the grace
Of immortality.

When Toil makes Virtue's self his bride, And walks the path where angels might Together walk, all-purified, Without one fear of blight,

Then may the eyes of mortals see
How pure, how Heaven-like can be
Man's earthly glory, and how free
From wanton shame and sin;
Then may we learn how brightly burn
The soul's great fires within.

The lowliest creature of His hand

The lowlist creature of His hand
May work great ends, toil not in wain;
For every humble acting grand,
If it be free from stain.
The salish monarch on his throne
Who calls all victories his own,
Tho' bought with blood and curse and groan,
Let no man emulate;
Virtue alone hath ever shone
Divinity nurs and great Divinely pure and great.

Riches and high degree and power, Stamp not the value of the man; Stamp not the value of the man;
They may but live a short, weak hour—
They only mark the clan.
But Labour, if it be the right,
Though humble, in His equal sight,
Is great as though it owned the might
Of crowns and wealth combined:
Its works, if pure, shall stand, endure,
Long as th' immortal mind.

C. A.

GEMS.

Is this world is a free show, what's the price of admittance? Sin, sorrow, a small trifle of sunshine, and a good deal of shadow.

HE is happier who has little, and with that little is content, than he who has much, with impatience

GRIEF knits two hearts in closer bonds than joy ver can, and common sufferings are far stronger

ever can, and common sufferings are far stronger than common joys.

NEVER chide your husband before company, nor prattle abroad of mishaps at home. What passes between two people is much easier made up before than after it has taken air.

EVERY day brings its own duties, and carries them along with it; and they are as waves broken on the shore, many like them coming after, but none ever the same.

A LOVING woman's heart is as the burning ship

A LOVING woman's heart is as the burning ship on the ocean. It burns and does not become extinguished until it has burned itself. Admirable is the human heart, which not from the mind but from the changeable passions is governed.

The shallowest understanding, the rudest hand, is equal to the task of destroying or pulling down. Folly and rage can demolish more in an hour than pradence, deliberation, and foreeight can build up in a hundred years.

If thou hast wronged thy brother in thought, reconcile thee to him in thought; if thou hast offended him in words, let thy reconciliation be in words; if thou hast trespassed against him in deeds, by deeds be reconciled to him; that reconciliation is most kindly which is most in kind.

THE experiment of the Cat Show at the Crystal Palace has proved a decided success. The number

of animals exhibited was 170, the number of prizes distributed was fifty-four, amounting to 571. 15s. Encouraged by this success the directors have deter-mined on repeating the show in November.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

Snow Custable.—To one quart of milk take four large eggs; set the milk on top of the stove in a clean vessel; then separate the eggs, beat the whites into a thick froth; when the milk is scalding hot, slip the whites on top of the milk, turning them over gently so that they will cook; then lift them out and dish; whip up the yelks with two tablespoonfuls of sugar; pour into the milk, stirring rapidly all the time it is scalding. The very moment it comes to the boiling point lift it off; if it boils it will curdle. When it cools sufficiently, pour it into the float dish with any kind of flavouring, then put the froth on top, and it will be aplendid.

SLIVER SOAP FOR CLEANING SILVER AND

did.

SILVER SOAP FOR CLEANING SILVER AND BEITANNIA.—One half-pound of scap, three table-spoonfuls of spirits of turpentine, and half a tumbler of water. Let it boil ten minutes; add six tablespoonfuls of spirits of hartshorn. Make suds of this and wash with it.

VEAL LOAN.—Three pounds of entirely lean veal, parboiled, and one-fourth pound of salt park, chapped fine, six soft biscuits, pounded fine, two eggs, well-beaten, two teaspoonfuls of salt, three of pepper, and one nutmag. Meadd into a loaf like bread, put it in a pan, leaving a little space all round it for some of the water the meat was boiled in. Bake till quite brown. Very nice as a relish or side dish.

STATISTICS.

EXPORTS OF RAILWAY IBON.—During the month of April the exports of railway iron from the United Kingdom amounted to 77,663 tons, as compared with 96,876 tons in April, 1870, and 85,147 tons in Ringdom amounted to 7,003 tons, as compared with 96,876 tons in April, 1870, and 85,147 tons in April, 1870, and 85,142 tons, as marked falling off in the clearances to British India and Russia. In the four mouths ending April 30 this year the aggregate exports reached 252,142 tons, as compared with 306,027 tons in the corresponding period of 1870, and 233,353 tons in the first four months of 1869. The United States figured in these totals for 135,421 tons, 117,895 tons, and 116,077 tons respectively. There has been an increase in the exports this year to Germany, France, Sweden, the United States, Australia, and Peru; but they have decreased to Holland, Russia, British India, Austria, Spain, British America, Egypt, and Chili. The value of the railway iron exported in April was 609,2434., as compared with 787,4424 in April, 1879, and 664,0624 in April, 1869; and in the four months ending April, 30 this year to 1,951,0134, against 2,471,4074, in the corresponding period of 1870, and 1,783,5724. in the first four months of 1869.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE vine disease is rapidly spreading through-out Portugal. Portwine may be as rare as Madeira. THE late Duke of Anhalt has left his daughter, the Princess Frederick Charles of Prussia, a legacy

one rincess Frederick Charles of Prussia, a legacy of seven million thalers.

It is announced that Baroness Burdett Coutts has presented 4,000%, for division among the clerks in the eminent banking firm with which she is associated.

in the eminent banking firm with which she is associated.

Her Majesty and Royal Family will remain at Osborne until the 20th of Angust, and then leave for Scotland. On her journey the Queen will sleep one night at Holyrood Castle.

The number of words which will be added to the new dictionary of Hindi now being compiled by the Rev. Mr. Bate, of Allahabad is 12,000, raising the total to 37,000 words.

Peince Bismarck has forwarded a present of 1,000 thalers to M. Wilhelm, composer of the "Watch on the Rhine," and expresses the hope to make the gift annual from the Government funds.

The Tichhorne Jury.—Immediately after the adjournment of this great trial, the London Steroscopic Company photographed the jury in their box in the Court of Queen's Bench. This is the first photograph ever taken of a jury in court.

A Brass Tabler to the memory of Charles Lamb is about to be placed in the parish church of Edmonton, in the churchyard of which the poot's remains were interred, the monument erected there to his memory having recently been restored.

The Scott Centennary.—The Scott exhibition for portraits, paintings, manuscripts, etc., connected with the life of Sir Walter Scott, has been opened in Edinburgh. The exhibition will remain open until the Centenary celebration.

When the Dew is on the Roses.



Ere the rosy morn is beaming,
Waking bird and bee;
While the drowsy world is dreaming,
I will come to thee;

For, oh! there is a charm, lassie,
In thy gentle sigh;
That soothes each vain alarm, lassie,
When I know thou'rt nigh.

Original and Copyright.

LONDON: Published by Sidney A. Shitte, 334, Strand. TROINTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABBOAD. ter and had asset the and the